

THE LEISURE HOUR



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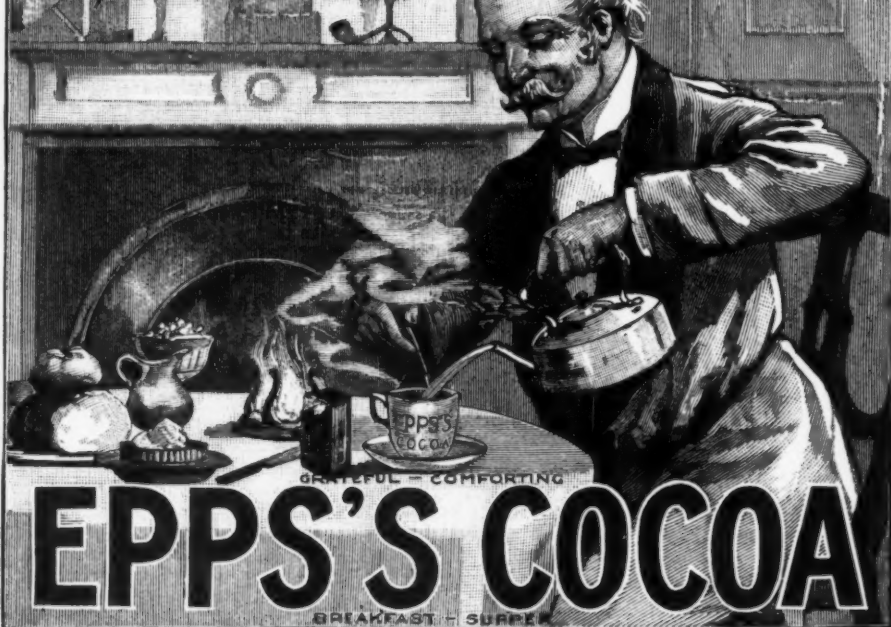
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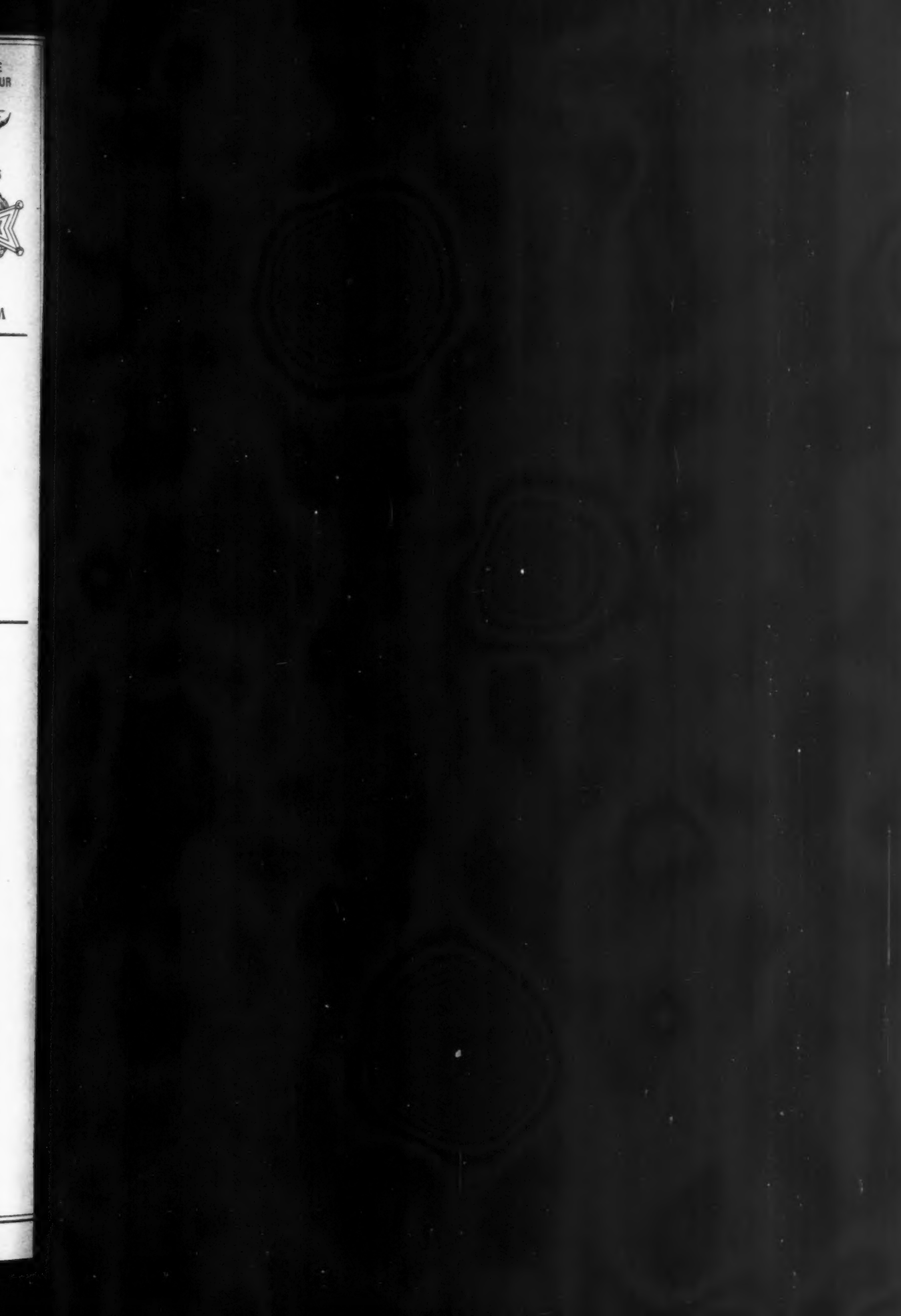
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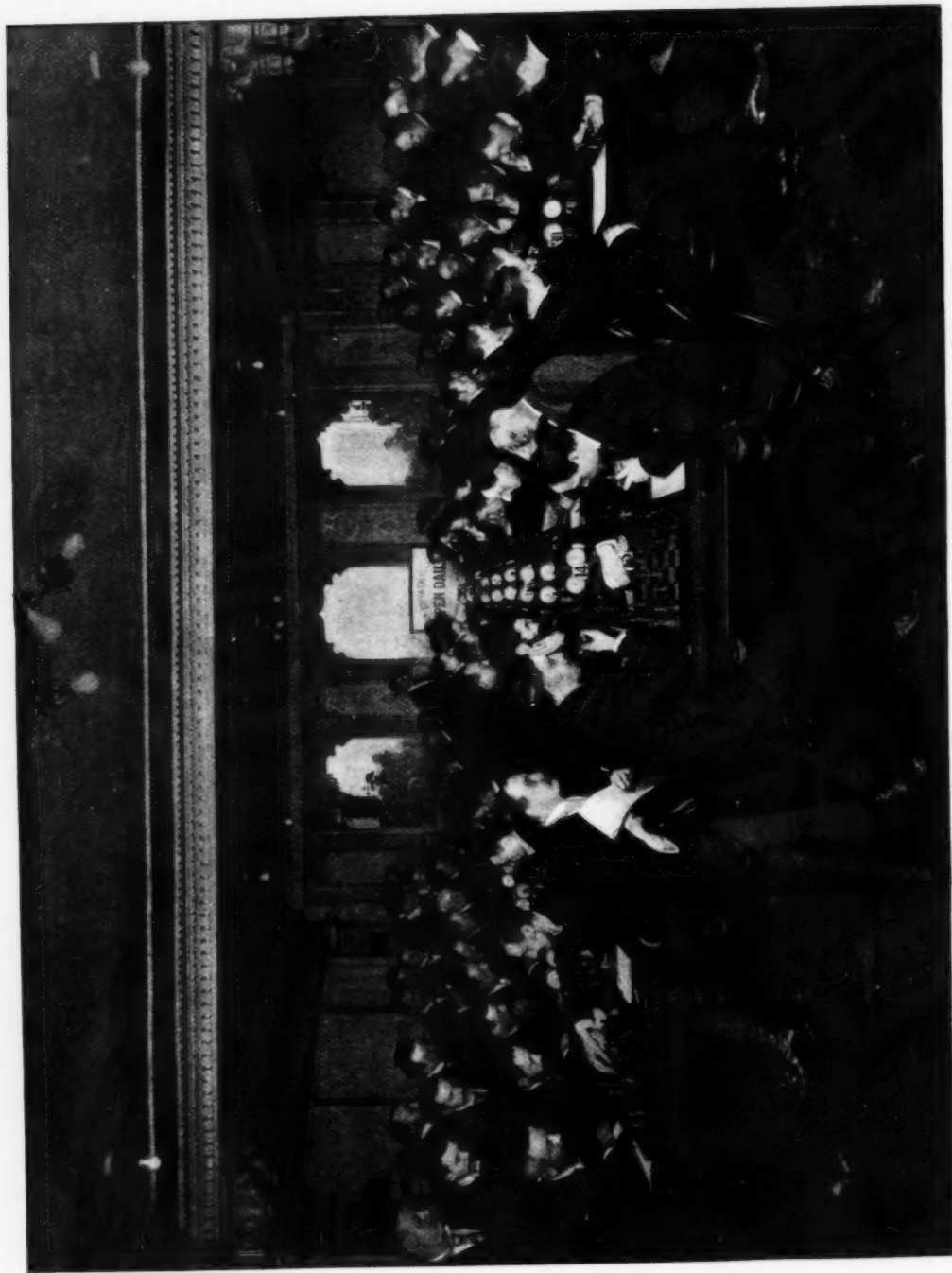
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A MATCH AT THE CITY OF LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Between the "City" and the "North London" Clubs.

CHESS-PLAYING TO-DAY.

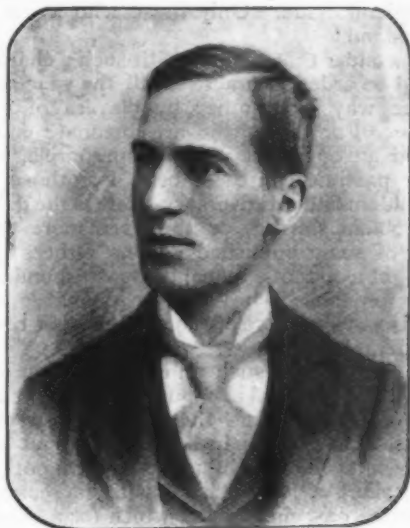
CHESS is generally regarded by the uninitiated as being the dullest and most selfish of games, an opinion which is by no means carefully withheld from the players themselves. Truly, as an amusement or a mirth-provoking pastime it does leave something to be desired, and even such a remark as, "Just look at them, they have been sitting there for *hours* without speaking!" is often perfectly justified. It is hard to say why a quiet and unobtrusive demeanour should evoke sarcastic comment, but most chess-players become well accustomed to it, and after all the game survives. And not only does it survive, it gains in popularity year by year, and the extent to which it is played to-day as compared with ten years ago is most remarkable. Wherein does its fascination lie?

For one thing, chess has the reputation of being an intellectual game, and who does not like to be the follower of that which is intellectual? It is, moreover, one of the few games in which the players find themselves on a perfectly equal footing at the start. The element of chance does not enter in; the one who plays best wins. Further, though much has been said to the contrary, the game played in moderation is a real recreation. Mr. Potter, writing in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," puts this very well. He says it "recreates not so much by way of amusement, properly so termed, as by taking possession of the mental faculties and diverting them from their accustomed grooves."



BLACKBURNE.

(From a photograph by George W. Bradshaw.)



PILLSBURY.

(From a photograph by George W. Bradshaw.)

Anyone who knows what it is to have a mind worried by business or harassed by care of any description, can understand the value of a pastime which can do that.

The Game
itself.

But all these are the more subtle attractions to the game. The one supreme attraction is the inexhaustible beauty of the game itself. The writer has often been asked: "Don't you find that you continually repeat games you have played before?" Well, it has been computed that there are 318,979,564,000 possible ways of playing the *first four moves* on each side, and play as often as you will, it is not likely that there will be much sameness about your games. A calculation as to the number of ways of playing the first ten moves on each side—less than one-third of an ordinary game—yields a modest total of thirty figures, which would convey nothing but bewilderment to the average mind. But put in another way we can dimly perceive their significance. "Considering the population of the world to be 1,483 millions" (twenty years ago), "*more than 217 billions of years* would be needed to go through them all, even if every man, woman, and child on the face of the globe played without cessation at the rate of one set of ten moves per minute."¹ Further comment on the inexhaustibility of the game is perhaps superfluous.

On the beauty of chess it is difficult to speak

¹ Mr. Edwyn Anthony in the "Chess-Players Chronicle," 1878.

with sufficient reverence. It has had at least a thousand years in which to develop, and no player regards it otherwise than as perfect. The keen delight with which a hot attack is repelled is only exceeded by that which follows the discovery of a weak point in your opponent's defence, and by the joy of concentrating an attack upon that weak point and of pushing it to a triumphant issue. Only those who know can understand!

No wonder that a game with such a character should be ardently practised all the year round in one way or another by players of every degree. For those who are fortunate enough to find an opponent in the home circle, what better pastime can there be? For those who can seldom find an adversary, there is the delight of problem solving, or the even more useful study of some published game. Others again can fight a distant opponent by correspondence; while for those who wish to do battle more promiscuously, there are chess clubs and resorts innumerable.

Inter-Club contests.

To such an extent has chess developed in popularity during the last ten years that the number of recognised chess clubs in London is about three times what it was in 1887, and cannot now be far short of 120. This is without reckoning the numerous chess clubs which form adjuncts to various institutions, such as political clubs, working men's clubs, church institutes and the like. And London does not stand alone in this respect. In the provinces a similar increase has taken place, the number of clubs having risen from 180 in 1887 to at least 420 in 1897. An equally significant fact is that the average membership has also rapidly grown, showing that the new clubs have been called into existence by the popular demand.

In the early eighties there was very little inter-club organisation either in London or the provinces. In the metropolis a few club matches were played, but the only one of much importance was the annual encounter between the St. George's and the City of London Clubs. Then the offer of a cup, called the Baldwin-Hoffer trophy, after its donors, induced six or seven of the stronger suburban clubs to enter into rivalry one with another. This was followed by the institution of the Surrey trophy, to be competed for by Surrey clubs only. These competitions infused new life into the clubs, and developed a desire for regular inter-club competition within the metropolitan area. This was duly arranged in 1888, the clubs being divided into two classes, senior and junior. Five years later a still further step was taken by the formation of the London Chess League, and the organisation of a yearly contest to be played in three divisions, A B C. The clubs in the A division have to furnish teams of twenty players, in the B division twelve, and in the C division eight. This competition has proved to be a great success, and in the present season, 1897-8, no fewer than thirty-three clubs are taking part. Naturally the interest centres round the struggle for

supremacy in the A division, where the chess played is of a very high order, many of the games on the top boards being worthy of the foremost masters.

The "Time limit."

One very satisfactory outcome of all this match-playing has been a very much wider application of the "time limit," which had only been enforced in great masters' tournaments and in isolated games of any special importance. In the ordinary way a player might take ten minutes—and as many more as he pleased—over every move; in many games he can and does still. This is all very well if you have a whole evening and a night before you, but otherwise one of two things will probably happen: either the game will result in a draw for want of time to develop it, or the faster player will throw it away in sheer disgust. After analysing a position for any length of time, a player ought to be able to proceed for the next few moves with tolerable rapidity, and in order to prevent him from examining every possible variation after every move, the "time limit" is introduced. The standard varies according to the quality of the chess expected. In the great masters' tournaments twenty moves in the first hour and fifteen moves an hour afterwards is the general limit. In the league matches twenty-four moves an hour is the rule, and in some contests even thirty is not considered to be too fast.

A "time limit" of twenty-four moves an hour means that each player has one hour at his disposal wherein to complete his first twenty-four moves, an hour and a quarter for his first thirty moves, an hour and a half for thirty-six moves, and so on. If he has made more than the required number in the hour, the time he has gained is added on to the time allotted for the next series of moves. For instance, supposing a player has made thirty-six moves in the first hour and he has a difficult position to analyse, he can if he likes examine it for half an hour, and yet will not have exceeded his limit of thirty-six moves in an hour and a half. On the other hand, should a player exceed his "time limit"—that is, should he have failed to complete twenty-four moves in the first hour, or six additional moves for every quarter of an hour afterwards—he forfeits the game.

Chess Clocks. Hour-glasses or "sand-glasses"

were formerly used for the purpose of measuring time at chess matches, but now specially constructed clocks are in general use for this purpose. These clocks consist of two clocks mounted on a common base, which moves on a pivot, the two clocks therefore being on the arms of a sort of see-saw. The beam or base is so constructed that when one clock is elevated it stands perfectly perpendicular, whilst the depressed clock lies over at an angle. But as the mechanism of each clock is so constructed that it only moves when the clock is perfectly perpendicular, it follows that when the upright clock is going the depressed clock is at rest.

Another and more modern variety has the

two clocks fixed on the same level, but with a small brass arm reaching from the top of one to the top of the other. This arm acts on a pivot, and can be brought down into actual contact with one clock at a time by a touch of the finger. When it is thus in contact, by an ingenious device the clock is stopped, and the desired result is attained. The working of the clocks during a match is simplicity itself. At the commencement of the match the hands of



CHESS CLOCK.

each clock point to twelve, then at the call of "time to commence play," the clock of the first player is started. Then as soon as he makes his first move he stops his own clock, either by depressing it or by touching the arm referred to, the same motion starting his opponent's clock; so it goes on during the entire course of the game, each move being marked by the stopping of one clock and the starting of the other.

To fight for one's club in matches is one of the most pleasing of a chess-player's duties. True, there are a few strong players who invariably decline to take part in these contests, and who reserve their skill for the club tournaments. In the one case you play for the honour of your club, in the other for your own reputation. The club secretary always thinks more kindly of the man who will do both. It is no uncommon thing for a London chess-player to be a member of one or two local clubs, and also of one of the more important central organisations. In the league and Surrey trophy matches a man must decide at the beginning of the season for which of his clubs he will fight, and he must stick to his choice. Not a little friction is sometimes caused by a valued member of a local club turning up to do battle against it. But the grievance is only imaginary, for a man is clearly at liberty to join as many clubs as he likes, and to please himself as to which he will play for.

Of great central clubs there are three: the St. George's, in St. James Street, s.w.; the City of London, 19 Nicholas Lane, E.C.; and the British, of Whitehall Court, s.w. The St. George's is

the oldest existing chess club of the metropolis, having been founded so far back as 1845. It is the club of the "leisured and lettered" class, and from time to time has attracted to it many of the stronger University players. At one time it took the lead in London chess matters, but of late it has not been so much in evidence, and its members now mainly content themselves with quiet afternoon chess, though they occasionally still try conclusions with other metropolitan clubs.

The City of London Chess Club comes next in point of age. It was formed in 1852, and at this moment stands at the very head of English chess as a great fighting organisation. It is aptly named, for it is and has always been a city club for city men, busy men all—stock-brokers, merchants, lawyers, accountants, managers and others, all representatives of the busy hive wherein they toil. In every way the "City" is a great chess institution, great alike in its membership, its aggregate playing strength, and its enthusiasm for the game. Its membership totals up to something like 450, and it is ready to play a match, one hundred a side, with any chess club or organisation in the world. The quality of the play in its championship tournament, and in the first-class sections of its great winter tournament, is of the highest quality; and what the "old City" can do when put upon its mettle was fully shown some little time ago when a team of master players (including Lasker) could do no more than effect a draw against a team of City players.

We next come to the British Chess Club, which was founded in 1885. The British is much less a fighting club than a great gathering-place for the wealthy middle-class chess-player, who loves his dinner as well as his game.

Of other foremost clubs we may mention the Athenæum, the Ludgate Circus, the Metropolitan, and the North London, all strong and vigorous organisations, and each boasting the possession of players of great skill.

Amongst other London chess clubs, one which should not be overlooked is the Ladies' Chess Club in Tottenham Court Road. It was founded early in 1895, and is now in a most flourishing condition. It has a long roll of members, and puts a team into the c division of the league competition. It also sends lady players to do battle against the strongest clubs, and, indeed, it is not afraid even to meet the "old City" itself in battle-array, though certain restrictions have to be laid down as to the strength of the opposing team. Not content with having a chess club all to themselves, the ladies conceived the idea of holding an international tournament confined to their own sex. The idea "caught on," as the Americans say, and the result was the holding of the Jubilee International Chess Tournament for Ladies in London, from June 23 to July 5, 1897. No fewer than twenty ladies took part in the play, representing various nationalities, the first

Chess for
Ladies.

The Chief
London Clubs.

prize being won by Miss Rudge, the second by Mrs. Fagan, and the third by Miss Thorold.

To turn to another development of the chess club, it will be news, no doubt, to many, that in London there are some fairly strong chess clubs entirely composed of youths under twenty-one years

Working Boys' Clubs.



MISS RUDGE.

(From a photograph by W. S. Bradshaw & Sons.)

of age. For the most part they are real working London boys, belonging to the Federation of Boys' Clubs, most of which have a chess club attached. The strongest of these is the Willis Street (Poplar) Club, its members consisting entirely of East London working lads. This club was started in 1887 by Mr. H. Rodney, who had the assistance of the brother of Mr. W. M. Gattie, the well-known chess expert of the St. George's Chess Club. This gentleman took great pleasure in teaching the boys chess, and soon many of them began to show no little skill at the game. As a result, Willis Street Club won the cup of the Federation of London Boys' Clubs in 1893-4-5; it stood out in 1896, but won it again in 1897. It also won in the individual competition in 1893-4-5-6; and very proud are the boys of their chess trophies—several handsome silver cups arranged at one end of their chess room. So strong did the lads seem that Mr. Rodney entered them in 1893 for the C division of the League competition, and a team of the boys have continued to play regularly in that division since that date, scoring about 50 per cent. of wins. A very interesting match was played early in the present season, the competitors on one side being members of the Public Record Office Chess Club, chiefly University graduates, and on the other genuine London working boys from sixteen to nineteen years of age belonging to the Willis Street Club. To their huge delight, and the great satisfaction of their instructors, the lads won handsomely.

A "City" Match.

There is always a good deal of excitement over a chess match, though it is kept so well under control that the careless spectator would see no evidence of it. But the more experienced knows what to look for. Prospects of victory will be indicated by expressions of seraphic content, while rumpled hair and dejected looks foretell the imminence of disaster. Perhaps a brief description of one of these unemotional contests will be of interest to those whose knowledge of the game is confined to drawing-room play. As the City of London is the great fighting club, let us deal with one of its chief matches, as for instance its annual fight against North London, thirty players a side.

It is a fine sight to see the room set out for play. There are the rows of tables, and at regular intervals the big boards with men whose only large but loaded with lead to prevent them tumbling over at every impetuous movement. At the side of each board is the clock for checking the time, and two sheets of foolscap paper ruled for recording the game, the names of the players, the particular match, the date and the place of meeting. On each board reposes a piece of cardboard bearing the number of the board. The two secretaries have already paired their men. This is done by each secretary arranging his men in order of strength, as far as he can judge; the two lists are then exchanged, and No. 1 on the one side plays No. 1 on the other, and so on to the end.

Before the match begins the one person of any real importance (with all due deference to individual claims) is the Home Secretary,



MRS. FAGAN.

(From a photograph by W. S. Bradshaw & Sons.)

which in chess language merely means the secretary of the club where the match is played. For the "City" Mr. J. Walter Russell fills this honorary position, and upon him falls the somewhat difficult task of doing about twenty things

at once. He has to introduce players to their opponents, give all kinds of directions, answer any number of questions, and see that press representatives have all the attention which is due to their important office. And yet all these things are done well and with perfect good humour, for Mr. Russell takes the greatest possible pride in his work, and the more he can do the better pleased he seems to be. In our frontispiece he may be seen resting after his labours, and collecting his scattered energies by interesting himself in the game on board No. 13.

Other preliminaries being settled, then comes the drawing for the move. The side which wins has the first move on board No. 1, and on all the odd-numbered boards. There is, of course, a slight advantage in having the first move, but as fifteen players on each side have this privilege in any case, it does not much matter who wins the toss. This is just another illustration of the absolute fairness of the game.

As soon as opponents are face to face, the play begins, and the awesome silence is broken by the move of pawn or piece—often made with unnecessary noise—and by the peculiar clicking which accompanies the stopping and starting of the clocks. At first these noises are almost incessant, for, as a rule, the opening moves are played very rapidly for the sake of gaining time for the more difficult parts of the game. But play soon slows down, and brows become wrinkled as complications present themselves and combinations more or less deep are formed. Here and there is heard the aggressive word "check," sometimes almost whispered, but quite as often uttered in the most strident tones.

Then comes "first blood" in the shape of a won game—not always, as courtesy would suggest, for the visitors—and a steward rushes off to record it on the big scoring sheet. As the score on either side mounts up, interest centres on the unfinished games, and the released players crowd round to try and forecast the result.

Finally time is called, and all unfinished games are submitted to an impartial adjudicator whose verdict is final. When Mr. Blackburne is in London, he generally undertakes this office for the "City" matches, and rarely does he give a decision which can be called in question.

Our frontispiece depicts the last match between the "City" and North London Clubs. It was played on December 8, 1897, and was photographed by flash light.

Provincial
Chess.

Provincial chess, prior to 1887, was in a very unorganised condition. Isolated clubs flourished all over the country, but they were not much in touch one with another. Now all that is changed. Between 1888 and 1890, county associations were formed in rapid succession, and the process has gone on until there is no considerable county which does not possess its own association. Another step was taken in

1893—which seems to have been a very active year in chess matters—when the whole of the South of England became federated under the name of the Southern Counties Chess Union. The chess clubs of the North of England are also closely linked together, though they are not yet united in actual federation.

As a natural result of this county organisation, the number of inter-county chess matches has greatly increased; and though they have not yet acquired the popularity of county cricket matches, they are followed with a great amount of interest. Apart from the regular twenty a side county matches, Surrey and Kent often settle the question of supremacy with a hundred men on each side. On these occasions the smoke—for nearly all chess-players smoke—is apt to become inconveniently thick.

Chess having advanced to a point when inter-county matches became imperative, there seemed to be no good reason why its progress should be arrested. Accordingly, in that fateful year 1893, we find the North of England meeting the South of England in a monster match of 106 a side at Birmingham. How the South, with sixty-seven of her players hailing from London and the home counties, won the match by one game is now a matter of history. The following year a return match was held in London, the South, with the advantage of playing at home, winning by a much more substantial majority—64½ to 43½; and now the match is looked upon as an annual fixture.

If it be wondered how anyone can win half a game at chess, it must be understood that a drawn game counts half a point to each player. Probably more drawn games are recorded in chess than in any other pastime, excepting draughts, where—given two expert players—the difficulty seems to be to produce any other result.

International
Chess.

Notwithstanding the great chess awakening throughout the country, it has to be confessed that British chess is at present without a national association. It may be argued that so is cricket, but the cases are hardly parallel. Cricket is a peculiarly English institution, and we need no national association to help us to assert our supremacy. But in chess a very different state of things exists. Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, Austrians, Hungarians, and Russians can all play, and play supremely well. Hence a national organisation is distinctly called for, to keep in touch with the chess life of other countries and to promote international contests.

Chess by
Telegraph.

Nowadays it is not necessary to bring the players face to face, and matches can be played between teams who may be hundreds of miles apart. Indeed a cable match between the United Kingdom and the United States is now one of our annual fixtures, Sir George Newnes

having given a valuable silver cup to be competed for year by year. The last of these matches was played on February 12 and 13, 1897, the English representatives being Messrs. Blackburne, Locock, Atkins, Lawrence, Mills, Bellingham, Blake, Jackson, Cole, and Jacobs. The United States team included the young champion Pillsbury, Showalter, Delmar, and seven others whose reputation is better known on the other side of the Atlantic.

The play lasted for two days: everything proceeded without a hitch, and in the end the British team won by $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$. This result was eminently satisfactory, for the team was almost entirely composed of amateurs, and the selection had been subjected to much sharp criticism.

The process of conducting such a match is a very simple one. A wire connected with the cable is brought direct into the room where the players are seated. Each player declares his move as he makes it on his board, and this move is forthwith "flashed across the sea" and is made known to the opposing player, on whose board a corresponding move is made. This process goes on until all the games are finished and the match completed. Of course the moves are not sent at length, but a most ingenious code is used, by which in fact several moves can be communicated simultaneously. So rapid is the transmission of the moves that, on one occasion during the late match, not more than fifty-five seconds were necessary for cabling a move and its reply.

A similar match was played on May 31 and June 1, 1897, between five members of the British House of Commons playing in London, and a similar number of members of the U.S.A. House of Assembly playing in Washington, the result being a draw of $2\frac{1}{2}$ each. In this match a record of time in cable matches was established, twenty moves being cabled in twenty-one and a half minutes, one move going to and from Washington in forty seconds.

Chess by Telephone. Matches are also occasionally played by telephone, and as lately as December 18 the City of London Club measured its strength in this way with that of the Yorkshire Association. One end of the telephone line was carried into their Club in Nicholas Lane, the other end being at the Yorkshire headquarters in Leeds. Tossing for the move caused much amusement. "You call," said London. "Heads!" came the reply from Leeds. But it was tails. "Are

you quite sure?" said Leeds. "Yes; your umpire was looking," was the reply.

As the evening came on a band began playing in the vicinity of the Yorkshire club, whereupon a prompt request went over the wire from London to have the music stopped. The City won the match, securing three games and drawing the other five.

Great Chess Feats. Of blindfold and simultaneous play we have no space to say more than a word. Mr. Blackburne will play eight fairly strong players without seeing either board or men. The moves are conveyed to him as they are made by word of mouth, and he dictates his replies. How he can carry the eight constantly changing positions in his mind without getting them hopelessly mixed is a mystery which can only be solved by those who have a like power. Simultaneous play is not so difficult to understand, and most of the masters, and many leading amateurs too, can play from twenty to thirty games at once. But a very great mental strain is involved in the feat, as any young player can find out by attempting to carry on two games at the same time.

There are many other points of interest in connection with this most wonderful game, but even an article on chess must have its limits. Still, every writer is entitled to a last word, and ours shall be this: The difficulty of learning the game is much overrated.

One often hears the remark, "Oh, it takes a lifetime to learn chess." As a matter of fact, a lifetime is much too short to "learn" it perfectly, but perfection is happily not necessary for enjoyment in any walk of life. The moves can easily be grasped in half an hour, and after a week's practice any intelligent learner will be able to play a game good enough to afford him pleasure. He will by that time also see something of the possibilities of the game, and if he be ambitious his play will improve by leaps and bounds. Countless hours of the keenest enjoyment are then in store for him, and happy indeed is the man who can find his recreation in the finest and most intellectual of all games.

For most of the data in this article, the writer is indebted to Mr. James G. Cunningham, whose fund of information on all chess matters is inexhaustible.

J. ARNOLD GREEN.

DRIFTWOOD.

BY MARY E. PALGRAVE,



"IT'S RATHER AN IDIOTIC MISTAKE, ALL THE SAME."

CHAPTER X.—AN UNINVITED GUEST.

"MISS—er—(mumble, mumble)—May I introduce Mr. Graham?" This was the way in which Oliver Graham and his future wife first met—the same commonplace way, in which hundreds of other young couples have first broken ground. In this case, however, the circumstances were a little peculiar—just enough so to set the electric current of sympathy at once flowing between the pair and to give them a subject for laughter in future days.

It was at a crowded London dance, in a South Kensington drawingroom, on a warm night in May, that the meeting took place. Graham, having made his way gingerly up the stairs and exchanged a signal of greeting with his hostess, whose eye he was lucky enough to catch, from afar, down a vista of people jostling each other in the doorway, halted to look round, as well as the crowd permitted, to discover what young ladies he knew among those present. An interval had occurred between two dances.

At that minute the music struck up again; the struggling, disjointed mixture of black coats and rainbow-tinted dresses became an orderly series of couples, twirling rhythmically over the shining floor, and there was breathing space once more on the small landing outside the dancing-room.

Oliver Graham had a strict sense of what was due from him in the matter of social duties, and was mentally reckoning up the number of dances it would take to go the round of all the girls of his acquaintance present, when he felt himself tapped on the arm by somebody's fan. His hostess was beckoning to him.

"Mr. Graham," she cried, "you are not dancing! Do you mind if I introduce you to that young lady over there? My girls *particularly* told me I wasn't to do any introducing, because I'm sure to introduce the wrong people; but she seems to know nobody, and it fidgets me so to see girls standing out. Somebody must have brought her in their party, for I don't know her face and can't remember her name, but no matter, I can—" By this time the voluble Mrs. Langham had reached the corner where the object of her solicitude was standing; Graham following obediently in her wake. Then the introduction aforesaid took place, and the young man was left standing face to face with his intended partner. She was neither tall nor short, and was rather plainly dressed in black. She was very fair-haired, and, at the minute, rather pale, and wore a puzzled absent expression, as if seeking for something or somebody whom she expected to see and did not, which made her look distressed and out of her element. There was nothing, at first sight, to interest or attract our friend Graham, and it was in a distinctly perfunctory manner that he bowed and said, "May I have the pleasure?"

The girl took his arm in a *distrail*, mechanical fashion, as if she scarcely noticed what she was doing; and they joined the whirling throng; but after a few bars her partner could feel her wake up and, as it were, come to life again. The floor was admirable, and the music not less so; and the pair recognised each other for perfect dancers.

When they stopped, a little breathless, and Graham looked at his partner again, it was with a shock of wonder at himself for having thought her plain and uninteresting. Her cheeks had flushed like a wild rose and animation had stolen into her looks. Graham noticed, half unconsciously, how exquisite her fairness was, and what character and piquancy the dark grey eyes gave to her delicate face; also how charmingly her soft fair hair was done and how well her small head was set on her slim neck. Her simple black dress was edged with some soft, billowy blackness, which set off her white shoulders and arms and made her fairness doubly fair. Everything seemed in keeping about her, everything harmonious and dainty and quietly perfect. She made up a whole which pleased Oliver, without his knowing exactly

why, and which commended itself to his taste and his sense of how a young lady ought to look. He had had enough and to spare of untidy picturesqueness; and in his secret soul he preferred fair girls to dark ones. If only this *innominata* had as pleasing a voice as she was fair to see, and was willing to talk a little, he should like another dance with her of all things. He must secure a second chance at once, lest her card should get full.

Before, however, Oliver had had time to open his lips, he saw his partner's bright look fading again and the anxiety returning to her eyes. She let them wander round the room, and then fixed them on Graham's face, with a half-distressed, half-comical expression that both puzzled and captivated him.

"I am going to ask you a ridiculous question," she said, laughing shyly. "Whose house are we in?"

"Why, surely, Mrs. Langham's?" returned her companion, puzzled in his turn.

"Oh-h-h—" cried the girl, with a gesture of mock horror. "Then I am right after all—at least I'm all *wrong*. I mean, I *have* come to the wrong house! I had been wondering how in the world there were none of the people here whom I had expected to meet—and—and it seemed odd altogether. Why, I ought to be at No. 36—Lady Carthew's."

"This is No. 27," remarked Oliver. He wanted to be very sympathetic, but his usual dryness of tone asserted itself, perhaps the more markedly on that account.

His partner looked yet more distressed. "No doubt it seems an extraordinary thing to have done; but it's very simple if you come to think of it," she said hastily. "I suppose I had a particularly stupid cabman, who didn't notice the numbers; and when he saw signs of a party he took for granted this must be the house, and—so did I! Then I was to meet my aunt in the cloak room, but she is an erratic sort of person who is never punctual; and when I had waited what seemed an age and she never turned up, and this lovely music was going on overhead in such a tantalising style, I couldn't keep away any longer, and came upstairs. I thought, of course, she would appear every minute. And one London dance looks just like another—and when you've never been inside the house before and hardly know the people who are giving the party, it's a very natural sort of mistake to make, I think." The girl spoke with a touch of defiance, and cast an indignant glance at her partner, though at the same time her lip was quivering and she was playing nervously with her big feather fan.

"Yes, indeed! In fact, it's only a wonder anybody ever gets to the right house! Cabbies are such dolts—and these London houses are as like as two peas. It's the most natural mistake in the world," cried Oliver, eager to console. Joyfully would he have averred that he was always himself doing the same thing, could he have said it with the smallest approach to truth.

"I'm glad you think it's natural," returned his companion, relenting. Her face, with its straight pretty features, was rather a grave one, and her smile, when it came, had a certain constrainedness and want of freedom about it suggestive of a highly developed sense of propriety. They did not, however, fail to charm Graham, in whose eyes "ladylikeness" was one of the foremost graces.

"Still," she went on, with a pucker in her brow, "it's rather an idiotic mistake, all the same, and one from which it is not easy to retire gracefully. I must make my escape at once, of course. I shall try and creep past Mrs.—Langham, is it?—while her back is turned."

Graham felt a rush of disappointment. Was he to have no chance, then, of a second dance—not even of finishing the present one? "Don't you think," he said boldly, "as you *are* here, it would be a pity for us not to finish this dance? You will hardly find a better floor or more stunning music at your own party, I'll be bound. And, you see, you have been introduced to me, so it's all right."

Graham's partner did not quite "see," and she slightly shook her head. Still, she hesitated. Then her eyes met his, and suddenly, with a laugh and a bright blush, she yielded. Another turn or two brought the valse to an end, and the pair fell into the jostling throng which went streaming out of the heated ballroom to find refreshments and possible coolness. Mrs. Langham, being short of stature, was entirely eclipsed by the surging stream that swept by, and Graham and the unbidden guest, with a pleasant feeling of being co-conspirators, soon found themselves in the hall below. The girl disappeared in search of her cloak, and came back with great promptness, covered with a long soft white garment which Oliver thought became her even more than her black dress.

"I feel like a sort of burglar!" she said, laughing. "If the cloak room at Lady Carthew's is as stuffy a little den as the one here, I can only hope my poor aunt hasn't waited for me long."

Graham asked if he should have a cab found for her.—"Or," he suggested, emboldened by his first success, "it isn't more than two minutes' walk along the square, and it is such a fine night; will you let me see you there?"

So they passed through the group of footmen at the door, and the little throng of passers-by stopping to have a look—out into that strangely warm, unrestful, exciting thing, a London summer night; and walked along the pavement of Onslow Square till they reached the corresponding awning and range of satellites marking Lady Carthew's entertainment. It was only a few doors off. Graham wished the distance twenty times as great, though he could think of nothing to say beyond a few commonplace remarks upon the beauty of the night.

When the door was reached and good-nights had been exchanged, and the white cloak had

disappeared up the steps, he turned away with another and livelier thrill of disappointment. Cinderella's prince, he thought, must have felt as he did when the clock struck twelve and the charmer fled away in such a provoking hurry. Or, stay, he was in a yet worse plight; for Cinderella left a clue behind her, in the shape of her glass slipper, for the lucky prince, but *he* did not even know his young lady's name, as he recollected with chagrin. Nor did he know Lady Carthew, at whose house there might have been a chance of meeting her. London society was so big, and he, after all, such a beginner in it. The chances were ten to one against his ever beholding that charming face again. Graham was quite out of humour for dancing, and had not a wish not to offend Mrs. Langham prevailed, he would have gone home there and then.

Three years have passed since we last saw Oliver Graham—three years which seemed long indeed to our young man when he looked back over them. They had been so full of work and enterprise, of new departures and fresh experiences. Even in his outward man he was somewhat changed; he had lost his boyish look and his country complexion, but had gained in ease of manner and in look of power; while inwardly he felt so much older and wiser and more experienced that, if he ever thought at all of his two-year-ago self, it was with an amused conviction of having been, in those days, "a young fool."

Oliver's experiences had had plenty of variety in them. They were not all pleasant at the time, but for the most part they had worked out to his advantage. There had been a crisis in the City; and a revolution in the transatlantic State with which his firm did business. In these storms the gallant bark of Mackenzie, Sedge and Co. had very nearly made shipwreck; there had been a time of vague anxiety in the house, and of long faces among the partners in their private room. Clerk Graham had been taken into confidence and allowed the privilege of wearing a long face too. The crisis had given him special opportunities of making himself useful and of proving the business talent that was in him; and when the bad days were past and "things" began to look up again, "things" began to look up, in a more definite way than hitherto, for Graham as well. He was admitted to full knowledge of his employers' plans and negotiations, and the partnership became only a question of time—or of capital.

Oliver had quitted his humble lodgings with his improving fortunes, and now rejoiced in a set of "bachelor's chambers" in a different quarter of "the town." He had, by this time, made a good many acquaintances and a certain number of friends. He was rather popular in a quiet way, being a good dancer and not inclined to give himself airs; and rumour gave him credit for being further advanced in his fortunes than he actually was. So there were plenty of what Lady Martinford characterised as

"unexceptionable" houses willing enough to open their doors to him, and he received more invitations than he had, so far, cared to accept. But, with the chance in view—however small a chance—of at some time meeting Mrs. Langham's unbidden guest again, Oliver began to show a new willingness to don his dress coat and appear at dinner parties and balls.

CHAPTER XI.—SISTER ALTHEA.

A FEW years ago there was an old house in Westminster, which has since been pulled down in the march of modern improvements. It stood rather back from the pavement, in a street not far from the river. A warehouse flanked it on one side and a Board School on the other. All round about were poor and squalid alleys, where overcrowding, sickness, and wickedness trod on each other's heels. But from the old house succour and teaching and help of all sorts flowed out into the poor and degraded neighbourhood around, for it was the headquarters of a little band of nursing Sisters, who were always busy tending and ministering to their sick and sad and sinful neighbours.

The Sister in charge was sitting at her desk in her private room, busy over letters and accounts, when the door opened and another Sister came in, with an apron on and a duster in her hand. The Sister in charge was an elderly woman, whose keen, bright eyes were set in a pale face, marked with many lines, and full of mingled fire and self-repression. She was very busy, and did not want to be disturbed; after a quick glance at Sister Althea she went on writing at a more vehement pace than before.

Sister Althea stole quietly, in her flat-soled shoes, across the bare floor, to where the spring sun was streaming cheerfully in at the window, through the branches of a great plane-tree which hung over that side of the house. Between the plane-boughs a little garden could be seen, an oblong lawn with a flagged path all around it, hemmed in by a high wall. This garden was the glory of St. Monica's House. Next to the chapel, it was the Sisters' best cherished possession and their grand means of giving pleasure and refreshment to their poorer neighbours. Some half-dozen babies, from the Sisters' crèche, were toddling and rolling on the grass; a lame child, out of one of the poorest courts, was sunning himself in a wheel-chair in the warmest corner; two of the band were pacing up and down on the flags, their black garments showing yet more black against the green grass at their feet.

Sister Althea gazed out for a few minutes, then glanced round with a wistful look. She was quite young, this Sister, and very pretty—with a refined, tender face which, in its spotless cap, had a singularly ethereal look. She did not venture to interrupt the writing; but it was evident that there was something she longed to say.

Sister Priscilla spoke at last, without raising her eyes from the letter over which she was

busy. "Is not Miss Graham come?" she inquired.

Sister Althea started. "No, Sister," she replied, in a low voice.

Sister Priscilla glanced at the clock. "Half-past ten!" she said. Her voice was as vigorous as the expression of her face. There was a vibration in it that made limp and flaccid people shrink, though it could be kind and gentle too, and full of fun. "Is the child often late?" she inquired.

"A few times—just lately—but she has always a good reason," faltered Sister Althea.

"H'm," said the other, with a twinkle in her eye. "Only a short time ago the difficulty was to prevent her from coming before we had finished breakfast."

"She is so enthusiastic—she throws herself, heart and soul, into whatever she is doing." The young girl's voice had a pleading ring in it.

"H'm," said Sister Priscilla again. The smile still lingered round her mouth, but her eyes were growing stern. "And what are her good reasons?" she inquired drily.

"I think they have been chiefly—being up late the night before."

"And being so sleepy in the morning that she cannot pull herself out of bed in time for work?" queried Sister Priscilla.

"Only *occasionally*," pleaded Marjory's defender. "Surely we must allow a little latitude now and then? We don't want to make the girls who work for us think we have no sympathy with their pleasures, and that we wish to make drudges of them?"

Sister Priscilla laughed. "No, indeed," she said. "I should be the last to wish that. But Miss Graham has put herself on rather a different footing to the rest—she has declared herself so eager for work; and now we have given her a responsible post she is bound in honour to be faithful to it. The hour for the workroom to open is ten, and who is to give out the work and see that the women settle down without delay if the worker in charge is not there?"

"I have been in. It is all right; everything is in order."

"And what about your own work, my child? Is the chapel swept and dusted yet?"

The young Sister blushed and hung her head. "I am on my way to do it now—it will be done in time for midday prayers," she murmured.

"I shall have to warn Miss Graham that we must take away the work unless she cares enough about it to do it punctually," pursued Sister Priscilla, after a moment's pause. "Send her to me when she arrives."

Sister Althea blushed all over her delicate face and stole nearer to her superior. "Oh, Sister," she stammered, her voice full of anxious tremor, "I—I hope you won't—Marjory Graham is so proud and wilful—and we have only just got hold of her—and she is improving so much and I am so hopeful about her—and she is so easily discouraged and can't bear being

found fault with—and—and you will terrify her if you speak to her, for she is very much afraid of you, though she—she loves you too. Do pray pass it over for this time.”

The elder Sister shook her head and looked displeased. In that house her will was law, and she was not used to having her views disputed. Sister Althea was the youngest of all the Sisters; it was specially unfitting for her to be opposing her judgment to that of the head of the house.

“Those who work for and with us have to realise that it entails some self-sacrifice,” she said. “If Miss Graham, like most young people, cannot both sit up late and get up early, she will have to give up either one or the other. I must see her, and tell her that she must take her choice. Our work is not mere pastime for an idle girl, to keep her out of mischief.”

“Of course it isn’t,” pleaded Sister Althea. “I am always telling Marjory so; and she will realise it in time. Only don’t *force* it on her, Sister—I beg you, don’t. If you only knew all she has told me of her life and—her temptations, you would not wonder at her being so undisciplined and wild. I have prayed for her for hours, and my heart aches for her, poor wilful child. I think she really loves us; and I am sure she is glad and thankful to be here where she feels at rest from herself and shielded from her bad friends. I do *think* we shall win her to the right at last; only she must be very gently dealt with and led on little by little. One sharp word and she will fly off at a tangent; and then I tremble to think what might become of her. She is—she is one of those capable of going down into the very depths.” Sister Althea could hardly control her voice, and her eyes were full of tears. She clasped her hands together, and her whole frame quivered with the intensity of her pleading. Not John Hepburn himself, going to and fro upon his Yorkshire farm, carried with him a heart more full of tenderness and pity for the drifting Maidie, or more earnestly longed to bring her peace and blessing, than did this gentle woman, who had given herself for the service of Christ and His lost sheep.

Sister Althea got her way; and when Maidie at last appeared, with her pretty colour pale and faded, her eyes heavy, and bearing all the signs of having been up till the small hours, she was received by the kind hand-clasp and tender kiss of Althea, and got no heavier reprimand for her lateness than a most gentle reminder that “Sister Priscilla *does* like people to be punctual,” and a whispered petition that she would not disappoint them all by being late again to-morrow.

“The women all like you so, dear child—they say the workroom is a different place now you are there—and you keep them going in such a wonderful way; they get through their work in half the time they did. And your taste is so perfect too, and you understand the fashions so well. Sister Clementine says several ladies

have ordered tea-gowns and dressing-jackets like those you designed for Lady Blanche Acton’s trousseau. You are making such a success of it, Marjory—you must feel that we can’t get on without you!”

Thus, with simple wiles, Sister Althea tried to approach her prodigal on her most accessible side, and stir her vanity into a motive for perseverance. But Maidie was as tired and spiritless that day as a child on the morrow of its first party; her head was running on far other scenes and rehearsing the flattering speeches which had been made to her but a few hours ago. She could only conjure up a listless, absent smile in reply to the kind Sister’s guileless—and how different—flatteries. In vain Sister Althea told her, with childlike delight, of the wealth of flowers that had been promised them, from Lord Durnford’s conservatories, for the approaching Whitsun Festival, and imparted, as a thrilling secret, that she had got leave for Maidie to help her in decorating the chapel—and what a sweet and pleasant task it would be, so congenial to the latter’s skilful fingers. Her prattle merely served to recall to Marjory’s mind—with an odd twinge—certain flowers she had lately been fingering, and the very different associations connected with them; and her impressible spirits sank lower than ever. She crouched down on the floor, hid her face on Sister Althea’s lap, and gave way to a passion of tears.

“Oh I am so miserable,” she sobbed. “If I could only stay here for ever and be kept safe with you and never go out into the wicked world again! When I am here, I want to be good, and it doesn’t seem so impossible; but when I go home and meet—*somebody*—I am frightened to think how wicked I have it in me to be!”

It was the merest accident which had brought Marjory Graham to the door of St. Monica’s House—just a thunderstorm which had driven her to seek shelter under its carved porch at the moment when Sister Priscilla happened to be showing a visitor out. She invited the stranger to come in out of the rain, and vague curiosity led Maidie to say yes. The girl chanced that day to be in a gentle and wistful mood, and the quiet neatness of the dignified old house and its restful atmosphere attracted her unquiet spirit. The Sister in charge talked pleasantly to her, and invited her to come again and see something of their work. Wondering at herself, she promised to come; and the very next afternoon found her at the door. On her second visit she encountered Sister Althea, the rare beauty and tenderness of whose face acted on her like a spell. If this was what goodness meant, how beautiful a thing it was! Maidie came again, merely to look at Sister Althea; one visit led to another; little bits of work were found for her to do; the chapel services, with their quiet music, soothed and calmed her; even the silent meals and hours when talking was forbidden were possible to endure, if not to

like. And so, by degrees, it came to pass that Maidie spent nearly all her days at St. Monica's, and at length—at her repeated request—regular and responsible work was entrusted to her to do. She looked strangely happy and content as she went about her duties in a plain black dress with snowy collar and cuffs, a flowing cloak that adorned her youthful grace, and a demure black bonnet, the prim lines of which made a quaint setting to her brilliant face. Sister Althea's heart glowed when she looked at her.

Are earnest, self-forgetting, continual prayers for others ever wasted? That is a question which many and many a Christian, hungering and thirsting for the soul of another, has asked himself; and to that question there has often been no answer save to the ear of faith. We must leave them in God's hands. "They are Thine, O Lord, Thou Lover of souls." To Sister Althea it came to ask that question, and to learn to leave the answer in the hands of God. It seemed as if all her prayers for Marjory Graham were unavailing. As the summer advanced the girl came to St. Monica's more and more irregularly; and when at last a whole week had passed with not a sign or word from her, Sister Priscilla decreed that some one else must be found to take the management of the workroom, and wrote a brief note to Marjory at her lodgings, telling her so.

"The girl is tired of regular work and sober ways and is gone off to something else," she said, with her canny smile, to Sister Althea; "I always told you it would happen, my child, sooner or later. She has no staying power, poor girl; our life here was not likely to attract her long."

Sister Althea said nothing in reply, but her heart was full of the conviction that it was not Maidie's own changeableness which was alone to blame; there were adverse influences at work, she was sure, from outside as well. Maidie was being led away by bad friends. She resolved on a bold step—that at all costs she would see the girl and try her utmost to win her back. A two days' holiday, which was given to the Sister about this time, brought her the opportunity she desired. She went to stay with some friends in another part of London, and it was from their house that, late one evening, the brave little Sister made her attempt to reach Maidie Graham.

For it did need courage—that attempt. She was well used to going about alone, in the roughest courts and alleys of Westminster, at any hour of the day and night, and never shrank from it in the least; but to make this descent upon a strange house, in a strange neighbourhood, knowing herself unexpected and perhaps unwelcome, made a real demand upon her strength and courage. But she felt as if she were going on a kind of crusade, and that God was assuredly with her. He felt very near as, having walked timidly down Limerick Street, she at length found herself on the right doorstep, with her hand on the bell.

The houses are tiny in Limerick Street, and from the front doorsteps you can almost see into the little diningrooms on either side. A stream of light came from the one on the Sister's left, where the window was set wide open and the blind left undrawn. A jingling of plates and glasses and a hum of talk showed that a party was going on within. Sister Althea wondered whether it could be the house where Marjory lived, and she hesitated again before ringing the bell.

Suddenly a burst of laughter made itself heard, and a pause followed, in which a voice she knew rang out clear and insistent, with a sort of staccato intonation in its tones—"Well, if I *have* been in a reformatory for a while, at any rate I am out of it now, and as hardened a sinner as you please!" In the renewed burst of laughter that followed, two or three men's voices made themselves audible.

Sister Althea fell back against the railings, and the hand which had been stretched out towards the bell dropped at her side. Was *this* what Marjory could say? Was it like *this* that she could feel about all the love and care that had been bestowed upon her for so many months past? Oh, then she was lost indeed to St. Monica's and the influences there—she had chosen the wilderness and turned her back on the green pastures she had so nearly learned to love!

Most people would have gone away, either angry or sorrowful, feeling that the attempt to reach Marjory at that moment would be worse than useless. But Sister Althea felt that, for her, it was a case of now or never. To-morrow she would be returning to St. Monica's, and she knew Sister Priscilla's strength of conviction far too well to dream of asking her leave to go on such an errand. The Superior would consider it mere waste of time. And there was just the bare chance that Maidie might listen to her, unlikely though it seemed. One could never tell. So, with a heart beating so loud that she could almost hear it, she put out her hand again and rang the bell. She had to ring thrice and wait long before any response was made; but when she had almost made up her mind that it was useless lingering longer, a sound of approaching steps made themselves heard, the door was slowly opened a little way, and an old woman's face appeared in the opening. Such a wrinkled old face, set round with spotless cap-frills, tied with a black ribbon under the chin. Sister Althea knew her, in a moment, for the old nurse of whom Maidie loved to talk.

"What d'ye want? Miss Graham, she be engaged and can't see no one the night," said Sally bluntly, while Sister Althea was still hesitating how best to address her.

"Could I not speak to her for a minute? I will not detain her long, indeed. But I have something *very* special to say to her."

"My young lady's busy, I tell ye. She's got a party o' friends to sup wi' her, and it stands to reason she canna leave them—Miss." The

last word was added as an after-thought, in grudging deference to the quality of the Sister's voice, but neither Sally's tones nor looks were gracious. She had an ingrained suspicion of anything savouring of "Popery," and no assurances of Maidie's had been able to convince her that the black-robed ladies of St. Monica's House were anything better than wolves in sheep's clothing.

"I have come a long way to see Miss Graham, and it is my only opportunity," persisted Sister Althea, in her gentle winning tones. "I feel almost *sure*, if she knew I was here, she would come and speak to me. See, I have written a message—will you at least take it in to her and give—give *her* the chance?"

Sally eyed the scrap of paper, held out to her in the Sister's hand, suspiciously, and shook her head.

"*Indeed* she will be sorry, afterwards, to know I came and she did not have the chance to see me," Sister Althea still persisted. She felt as if she were struggling for Maidie Graham's soul, and her heart was full of an unspoken prayer. It gave a thrill to her low voice and a persuasive power to the gaze of her soft brown eyes, against which even old Sally—dogged though she was in defence of her young mistress's rights and pleasures—was not proof. "And I think, some day, *you* will be sorry too," said the pleading voice, and old Sally felt, somehow, afraid to disobey it. With an unwilling nod she took the paper and disappeared, leaving the Sister on the doorstep and the door half-open.

Within the little sitting-room Sister Althea could hear another break in the hum of talk, and then Maidie's voice saying, "If you won't think me very rude, I must run away for half a minute. There's some one wanting to see me. But please, Laura, don't let Mr. Phillips open his lips again till I come back, for fear I should lose anything very brilliant!" And then there was a moving of chairs, the door opened, and Maidie stood in the passage.

There are some women who look the same, through all varieties of attire—who would keep their identity, one feels, whether one saw them clad in rags or decked in Court train and feathers. Their clothes are mere accidents—no part of their personality. And there are others who seem to take a reflection from their raiment; who at once look dressed up when they appear in decorative garments, and who are hopelessly extinguished and rendered ineffective by a shabby and inharmonious garb. Maidie Graham was one of these. When she flashed out into the passage, with flowers in her dark hair, and her tall figure clad in a rustling silk dress of a bright yellow colour, which set off her red and white complexion to admiration and heightened the effect of her masses of black hair, she looked indeed strikingly handsome. The vision of her in festive attire, breaking suddenly on Sister Althea, had as startling an effect as it had had on Lady Martinford that night three years ago—only

Sister Althea was more distressed and less angry than the other spectator had been. It did not occur to the gentle Sister to criticise the unsuitability of this elaborate dressing for what must, obviously, be a very small festivity. But she felt, with a sinking heart, how wide was the difference between this gorgeous Maidie and the Maidie of the flowing cloak and little black bonnet—and that this yellow-silk Maidie was probably the true one.



THE DOOR OPENED, AND MAIDIE STOOD IN THE PASSAGE.

The girl, on her side, had been prepared, by the pencilled line—"Pray come and speak to me at the door; Althea"—for the person whom she was to see; but, none the less, the sight of the Sister gave her a moral shock. Of all things she hated to feel even tacitly reproached. From the day when, in an evil hour, her crony Mrs. Dangerfield and her set had found out where Maidie Graham had taken to spending her days, and had set to work to "chaff her out of it," all inclination to persevere with her

work at St. Monica's had quickly faded away. And when once she had turned her back on that quiet place, she resolved to forget, as speedily as possible, that she had ever been there—for the remembrance of Sister Althea's lovely face, and the other mental pictures connected with her, made her feel, when they recurred to her mind, so acutely miserable. She gave her black dress to Sally, put her bonnet in the waste-paper basket, and turned her mind from thinking of the life she had been lately leading with an unwonted resoluteness. And now, when she thought she *had* succeeded in forgetting, to be suddenly confronted by Sister Althea was indeed a hardship!

So Maidie rushed out from her supper party hot and angry. Old Sally had muttered crossly, as she slipped the paper into her hand: "The person she wouldn't take nay for an answer," and Maidie darted forth telling herself it was "very cool of Sister Althea to insist on seeing her when she knew she was engaged—she should certainly show her she did not like it."

But as Marjory's eyes fell on her visitor a wave of different feelings swept over her. One end of Limerick Street faced the west, and the last rays of the midsummer sunset were slanting down it in long, level bands of golden light. They caught on the Sister's face as she stood waiting for Maidie, lighting up its delicate features with a strange and wonderful brightness, showing the intensity of pleading in the brown eyes, and the tender anxious smile on the lips. It was Sister Althea glorified with an almost unearthly beauty. Maidie, standing there in the dusk of the passage, with her unwilling eyes riveted on Sister Althea's face, caught her breath and felt her heart leap and then stand still. Behind her was the little dining-room, with its hot lamps and scent of flowers, its noisy guests and its badly cooked pretentious dishes. Before her was the cool evening air, the radiant light, and that still black figure and lovely face—the very embodiment, to Maidie's mind, of goodness and peace and purity—standing bathed in the sunset glow and mutely beckoning to her.

For a moment Maidie felt as if she must run straight to Sister Althea, put her hand in hers, and let her lead her away, that very minute, from the party, back to St. Monica's House and the frugal self-denying life there. But then she laughed at herself for the absurdity of the idea. What, just as she was? A Sister in uniform and a girl in yellow silk, with bare arms and flowers in her hair, walking together through the London streets? Why, they would be taken up by the police for dangerous lunatics! She must tell Sister Althea she was sorry she couldn't ask her in, and send her away. And yet—and yet—how dear that face was! How tenderly it looked at her!

Trembling and irresolute Maidie walked down the passage. "I didn't expect to see you, Sister, at this time of night," she said. It was an attempt, but a poor one, at her usual offhand manner. She would not touch the other's out-

stretched hand, lest the clasp of those kind fingers should draw her away against her will.

"No, you would not expect me; but I have got a little holiday, Maidie, and I came to look you up. My dear, won't you change your mind and come back to us? We all want you. You don't know what a place you had won for yourself in all our hearts."

"I can't come back, Sister. I've—I've got other things to do," said Marjory ungraciously. She moved a little way back, farther from Sister Althea, and stood in the shadow of the doorway.

"We have been at a deadlock in the workroom. There was no one to settle how things should be made up and do the shopping for us."

"Should I be superintendent again if I came back?" asked Maidie, with a spice of eagerness.

"N-no, not exactly *that*, I am afraid," replied Sister Althea, compelled by inexorable truth. "We—that is, Sister Priscilla, has asked Miss Lawley to undertake the work; for you see, dear, the women *couldn't* be left with no one to look after them! But if you would come and work under her, dear Maidie, you would be such a great help; and very likely the Superior would make you head again after a while."

"Work under Miss Lawley, that dowdy old creature without a scrap of taste? No, thank you, Sister, that's impossible!" Maidie tossed her head. She wanted Sister Althea to think that it was the impossibility of acting understrapper in the workroom which stood in the way of her return. But Sister Althea went on as if she had not heard.

"*Do* come, dear child," she pleaded, with an infinite longing in her voice. "Come to-morrow, and I will take you myself to Sister Priscilla, and you shall be so welcome. I don't think—I am so much afraid lest—you yourself said you felt safe and happy with us and that it was easier to be good. Come, and stay with us awhile. I know our life is hard, and has its own temptations and difficulties, but you will be sheltered and helped there, Maidie, and your better self will have a chance. From what you have told me I don't believe you *can* be good long in the life you are leading now. Haven't you said so yourself? Oh Maidie, *do* come back—I know you *want* to come, down in the bottom of your heart."

Maidie sighed, and the tears rushed into her great black eyes. "It's only a little bit of me that wants to come," she said sadly. "I should never stay long, Sister; and I should worry you to death with my ups and downs. Sister Priscilla has lost patience with me already, and so would you, after a bit. It's no good! Leave me to go my own way."

"Oh, I *can't*, Maidie—only come back and try! You would see *my* patience would last out," urged Sister Althea. She snatched at Maidie's hot hand, and gripped it in both her own. "Dear, dear child," she went on, "if you would only make up your mind and come with me *to-night*! I am sure you would be

thankful afterwards. See, I will wait—I will walk up and down till your guests are gone—and then——”

A flouncing and rustling of fashionable skirts and a jingling of ornaments made themselves heard behind them in the passage. Then a cackling high-pitched laugh rang out; and a voice cried “Maidie, *carissima*, are you never coming back to your guests? Those boys are getting so impatient without their hostess that I thought I really *must* come and remind you of your duties.”

A pair of arms, much adorned with bangles, clasped Maidie from behind; and over her shoulder a head of startlingly golden hair appeared, and a highly coloured face peered, with cool effrontery, at the Sister.

“Dear me, I am afraid I am interrupting a very private and thrilling conversation,” she remarked, with a fresh peal of laughter. “Or is this lady come to beg?”

Maidie had wrenched her hand out of Sister Althea’s and started away from her. She now wriggled herself out of the newcomer’s clasp and tried to laugh, though she was scarlet with shame and annoyance. “Don’t be cheeky, Laura,” she cried. “*How* you startled me! Yes, I know I am being dreadfully rude. I’ll come. Good-night, Sister; I’m afraid I—I can’t do what you ask, so please don’t trouble about it any more.”

And Maidie turned away with a shamefaced look and let her companion take her by the arm.

“Come along, you uncivil darling,” the golden-headed lady cried. “I assure you I can’t keep the extinguisher on Monty Phillips another moment—he’s perfectly irrepressible!”

The sunset had faded, and Sister Althea’s face looked blue and drawn in the shadows which were falling on the street. The fight was over, and she had seemed so near winning; and then that—that *enemy* had come and turned the battle back again, and it was a lost battle now. She should never see Maidie again. And she had been so near winning her back to paths of safety and goodness. Sister Althea crept along the street with her head hanging down, seeing nothing but the vision of Maidie’s face, with the extraordinary change of expression that had come over it when that other face showed itself close behind her. She looked as if she saw the Tempter face to face.

But Sister Althea had not gone more than a few steps when she heard the sound of flying feet behind her, a hand caught at her veil, and Maidie’s voice was calling her name. She turned, and there was the girl close to her, bareheaded and just as she had left the table. Her yellow draperies made a glow of vivid colour among the grey shadows of the street. It was as if a gorgeous butterfly, from the tropics, had fluttered down there by mistake.

“No, no,” Marjory panted, in answer to the unspoken question in the Sister’s eyes, “don’t, *please*, think it—I’m not coming with you—it’s

not that. But I *couldn’t* let you go away without a word, after all the kindness you’ve shown me. I wanted to say good-bye, and—and I shall never forget you. Say, God bless you, Sister, and let me go.”

The girl was on the wing to fly back to her guests, but she lingered, squeezing the Sister’s hand and repeating, “Say it—say it, Althea. It can’t be wrong for you, and it may do me some good.” There was a sob in her voice and a miserable look in her eyes, though her mouth was set in hard determined lines.

Sister Althea’s first impulse was to turn away in silence. How could she dare to bless one who was turning her back wilfully on all that was good? But somehow she could not bring herself to refuse the only thing this child of her prayers asked of her; so, with a trembling voice she said, speaking scarcely above her breath, “God bless you, Marjory, and guide your feet into the way of peace.”

And then they parted and went their several ways; but Sister Althea never forgot Marjory Graham in her prayers. She never saw her again, and knew nothing of her further history, but she still prayed on, long years after that drifting rudderless barque had come to its final anchorage beyond the waves of this troublesome world.

CHAPTER XII.—OPPOSING FORCES.

IT was one of the many points of contrast between Oliver Graham and his sister that Marjory seemed to possess all the talents. Oliver had no ear and no voice and could not draw a stroke—Maidie had a natural aptitude for music, a pretty voice, and a strong though little cultivated talent for drawing. In a fitful, erratic way she had occasionally worked at her sketching and music, in the old home days, getting a few lessons how and when she could; but the strongest stimulus of her nature—vanity—had not happened to make her desirous of excelling in these directions, and so her talents had for the most part lain idle.

It was not very long after she had given up going to St. Monica’s House, that the fancy seized Maidie that she would be an artist. It was a very hot fever while it lasted. She entered as a student at a London Art School; had a different coloured pinafore for each day of the week; and was never happy without a brush or stick of charcoal in her hand. The odd mixture of her fellow students, the wild Bohemianism of their life, and their free and easy *camaraderie* among themselves, amused and delighted Marjory; she threw herself into the thick of it, and became one of the most popular students in the school, as well as one of the cleverest and most promising. The art jargon that she adopted bewildered Oliver, and the wild opinions that she picked up on all manner of subjects and delighted to utter exasperated his practical mind by their silliness; still, to have her busy and to know where she was, was something to be thankful for, and to feel vexed and irritated over

her foolish chatter was a small evil, beside other anxieties which she was only too apt to occasion him.

Maidie, ere long, won plenty of *kudos*, both among her fellow students and with the professors at the school of art. Her talent for figure-drawing was a very decided one, and she had a native gift for seizing a situation and illustrating it in bold telling strokes and effective schemes of colour, which had something almost dramatic about it. She made little series of oil sketches, illustrating whatever novel chanced to be the rage among the students, which brought her storms of applause for their originality and cleverness. They might be out of drawing, very often, and occasionally crude and screaming in colour, but they were full of something that Maidie's admirers were not slow to call genius. The tiny sitting-room in Limerick Street was stuck all over with its owner's studies and sketches, and Oliver studied them with grim curiosity on his visits there.

He did not like their style; they seemed to him dreadfully "modern," and by no means always in good taste; still there was no denying their vigour and power, and it was plain that here was a talent with a distinct money value, if carefully trained and fully developed. Whenever a new and specially effective sketch made its appearance in the Limerick Street gallery, Oliver told his sister, with a grin, that she might make her fortune as a designer of picture posters, if she would seriously give her mind to that branch of art.

It really did seem, for a time, as if Maidie had found her vocation, and might be going to work on steadily and have an object in life. She was keenly interested in her work and, for the moment, fairly happy. In spite of all and sundry offences against his code of taste and standard of good manners, Oliver would have felt tolerably satisfied and hopeful about her, could he have felt that her art-school friends were the *only* companions with whom she consorted. But, by a slow circuitous route he had attained the same conclusion which Sister Althea—with her woman's instinct—had reached at a single bound. Maidie's friend, Mrs. Dangerfield, was the girl's evil genius.

It had so happened that, from the first, Oliver and Marjory had had but few acquaintances in common. On account of her mourning and Lady Martinford's opinion of her unreadiness to be "introduced," Maidie had not been taken to any parties during the Eccleston Square period. Oliver had gone into society on his own account and had been seen everywhere alone; whence it had come about that few people, even among the Martinfords' acquaintances, knew that young Graham possessed a sister at all. During the period which had passed since Marjory quitted her cousin's roof, the social ways of the brother and sister had parted farther and farther asunder.

Possibly, had Oliver taken more pains about the matter when Maidie first began living in lodgings, things might have been different; his

friends might have become her friends too, and she might have found her social pleasures in the same kind as his own. But when your own footing on the social ladder is but a new one—and when, moreover, you are very particular about appearances and very nervous over the slightest departure from conventional lines—it would be felt a great hardship to have to act sponsor to a showy, handsome young woman whom nobody can overlook in a crowd, whose audacity is stronger than her good taste, and whose choice in frocks cannot be depended on. To take a sister into society, given these conditions, is conduct little less than heroic. It was a height to which Oliver Graham did not feel himself equal to rising.

It was only by glimpses and guesses and hints accidentally dropped that Oliver arrived at any notion of how Maidie spent her evenings, what houses she frequented, and what kind of people were her friends. In spite of her impulsiveness, she was not a Yorkshire woman for nothing; and—once in a way—when she did wish to keep something a secret, could be as tenacious as Oliver himself. It was, therefore, only his own observations which led him to the conclusion that Maidie had got into a very fast set, and was in a fair way to be one of the fastest among them. Little things he saw made him more and more uncomfortable. The sheaves of theatre tickets and invitations which adorned her sitting-room mantelpiece were a study in themselves. The flowers of which her sitting-room was nearly always full were not *all* supplied, he felt sure, by her feminine friends; and other expensive trifles kept making their appearance there which, he knew, his sister's own slender funds could never permit her to buy. When he tried to question her about them she either made some mocking answer, with her unmirthful, provoking laugh, or else maintained an obstinate silence equally baffling.

One evening in November Oliver went round to Limerick Street, resolved on having a serious talk with Marjory about her amusements. It was not much after eight o'clock, but he had already dined, in a frugal bachelor way, at his club. Sally, he thought, should make him a cup of her admirable coffee, over which it might be easier to start on what he wanted to say.

It puzzled him somewhat that there was a carriage waiting at the door; still he thought he would see if his sister were at home. Having screwed himself up to the point of resolving to tell her that he would not countenance her living alone any longer—she must either go and board in a suitable family or forego the allowance which she received from him—his determination to get the disagreeable thing said was growing stronger every moment. There was something authoritative in the tone of his very ring. He felt he should be highly displeased if Maidie were not at home.

The little "general" who opened the door, in reply to his question, "I have come to see Miss Graham—I suppose she is at home?"

answered submissively, "Yes'ir," and admitted him into the hall; but instead of showing him into the sitting-room, she hesitated and looked uncomfortable. "Pleas'ir," she began in her piping treble, "there's a lady and gentle

At this juncture old Sally's voice made itself heard, calling over the bannisters in a half whisper: "Mary, I'll trouble ye to mind your own business! Master Oliver, will ye bide a wee? I'm coming down."

saying what he had specially come for, he might, at all events, wait till she came down and not be hustled off the premises in this fashion!

"Thank you, Sally," he answered stiffly. "I'm engaged, as it happens, to-morrow night. I won't detain Miss Maidie if she is in a hurry, but I want to have a word with her when she is dressed. There is no reason, I suppose, why I should not wait in here?" He turned towards the little sitting-room as he spoke.

"Miss Maidie she've got *friends* waiting for



"I THINK, MRS. DANGERFIELD, YOU ARE WAITING FOR MY SISTER?"

Oliver, puzzled and suspicious, obeyed reluctantly. Sally hurried down to him, her white head-gear gleaming under the lamp.

"Did ye want to see Miss Maidie very particular to-night, dearie?" she asked, in coaxing tones. "Will it no do to-morrow? Miss Maidie, she be just going out to—to some place o' enjoyment, and she's late already, and she's dressing in an awfu' hurry—and she says she'll have no time to speak to ye the night, and it's no good your waiting neither. Won't ye come to-morrow, Master Oliver, honey?"

Oliver felt more and more displeased. If Maidie were at home she surely might find time to speak to him for five minutes? And why on earth was she in such a hurry to get him out of the house? If there were no opportunity of

her, for to take her out," said Sally, in a stage whisper, edging between Oliver and the door.

"Who are they?" Oliver did not lower his voice, as Sally evidently wished him to do.

"They're Mrs. Dangerfield and—and a young man. I dinna ken his name," whispered Sally in reply. "I'd no wait if I was you, dearie. 'Twould be a pity to wait."

For all answer Oliver opened the door and walked into the room. There sat a lady in white satin with a gorgeous opera cloak over her shoulders, and a golden mane marvellously twisted and frizzled. Not far off was a very young man with an elementary moustache and the highest imaginable collar. Both were sheltering their mouths—he behind the brim of his crush hat and she with an immense feather fan

—and the eyes of both were brimful of amusement.

"How do you do, Mrs. Dangerfield?" Oliver said, in his most formal manner. He crossed the room to where that lady sat, much at her ease, in an arm-chair.

Mrs. Dangerfield only very slightly responded. Young Graham had declined the overtures which she had originally made him; never came to her parties, and left cards at longest intervals; so she was not disposed to be friendly to him now, in spite of his being her "sweet Maidie's" brother. Moreover, there was something hostile in his manner and a gleam in his eyes which were not lost upon her acute senses.

Seeing that he paused after his salutation and looked pointedly from herself to her companion, she was compelled to turn her head and murmur, "Oh—ah—Mr. Verinder-Smith—Mr. Graham;" but even into that small speech she contrived to throw a superciliousness which added fuel to the wrath of Maidie's brother.

He tried to be quite at his ease, as a man who was in the right should be; but, strongly though he felt, it was difficult to be sure of common cause between himself and Maidie, and he was too angry with this impertinent woman to be as self-possessed as he would fain appear. At the best it was bound to be an unequal combat between a very young man, still little versed in the ways and jargon of smart people, and a clever woman of the world, hard as nails and utterly indifferent to what pain she might give or injury she might do, so long as she served her own turn.

Oliver bowed stiffly to the young gentleman, who was youthful enough to snigger as he acknowledged the introduction, and then turned to Mrs. Dangerfield again.

"I think, Mrs. Dangerfield, you are waiting for my sister, to take her out?"

"Ye—es," drawled Mrs. Dangerfield. As she spoke she raised her highly arched eyebrows in a way that said, Really, is it worth while to put such a very obvious question?

"May I ask if you are taking her to a party?" Oliver spoke with grave politeness.

"No, I am not."

"Then to what other entertainment?"

"Really, Mr. Graham, you are very categorical," returned the lady, with a flourish of her fan. "No wonder dear Maidie is so confidential with you, if you cross-examine her in the same charming way. But if you wish to know, we are taking her to the theatre."

"And to what piece?" was on the tip of Oliver's tongue. It was hardly agreeable, however, to give his antagonist the excuse for calling him still more categorical; so "Oh, indeed," was all the rejoinder that occurred to him to make. He stood silent in the middle of the room, feeling rather foolish.

Mrs. Dangerfield gave him the benefit of a cool stare out of a pair of very light eyes, the effect of which was heightened by very dark lines underneath them—lines supplied by art

rather than by nature. She yawned, fanned herself, studied the time on a watch bracelet, and finally, when she seemed to think she had had enough of that little game, remarked in a nonchalant manner, "It is the Liberty Theatre we are going to. I've got a box. It is the pleasantest theatre in London—so cool."

"And the best play on—the 'Shady Side,' don't you know?—awfully pretty piece," put in Mr. Verinder-Smith, and then giggled again as if it struck him that he was making a consummate joke.

Oliver turned red and started a step forward. "You are surely not taking my sister to that play, Mrs. Dangerfield?" he demanded abruptly.

Even Mrs. Dangerfield had the grace to redden faintly under her rouge; but she put on an air of offended virtue, drew herself up, and said, "Really, Mr. Graham, I am not accustomed to be challenged about my play-goings by strangers, and especially by young men. Do they do that kind of thing in the part of the country you come from? And how do the married women receive the virtuous youths?"

Oliver bit his lip. "I don't know what you mean, Mrs. Dangerfield," he said bluntly. "But everyone knows that the Liberty is not a place where nice girls ought to be seen. And the 'Shady Side' is a most detestable play. It is incurring a—very great responsibility to take my sister to it."

"Really? I fail to see the responsibility," replied Oliver's antagonist, shrugging her shoulders. "Maidie is a grown-up girl, leading an independent life. She is at liberty to come or stay away just as she pleases. If you object to her seeing the 'Shady Side' you had better say so to herself, not to me. No doubt she will take your strictures as a sister should, and stay at home like a good little girl."

There was a sting in the last remark which did not fail to take effect. "It is impossible for me to coerce my sister, Mrs. Dangerfield, as no doubt you are well aware," began Oliver angrily. "You have far more influence with her than I, unfortunately, have, and you must know quite well that to take a young and inexperienced girl like Marjory—"

But at that moment steps were heard flying downstairs, and the subject of their conversation rustled into the room. The door was thin, and she could scarcely have failed to hear Oliver's last words, spoken in an unwontedly loud tone. Her rising colour and the flash of her eyes, as she turned them on her brother, showed that she had done so. Mrs. Dangerfield dropped her fan by her side and looked from the sister's face to the brother's and back again, with her light eyes full of cynical amusement. A strong family likeness was at that moment visible between the two angry faces.

"What's this, Oliver? What were you saying about me?" cried Maidie vehemently. "Have the goodness to remember I won't be picked to pieces in my own house—even though it is only lodgings."

"I was not picking you to pieces," replied Oliver, in low vibrating tones. His anger was at white heat—a far more dangerous force than Maidie's noisy vehemence. "Mrs. Dangerfield has just told me that she is going to the—to a play which is not fit for girls to see, and is going to take you with her. I must desire you not to go."

"Mr. Graham is very explicit, Maidie," put in Mrs. Dangerfield, in a kind of hissing aside.

"Come, I say now, Mr. Graham, that's going it rather strong, ain't it?" added Mrs. Dangerfield's supporter, like the chorus in a play. He apparently felt himself called to put in his oar.

"You are quite mistaken; Mrs. Dangerfield is *not* taking me," retorted Maidie. "I'm going *with* her, if you like—but that's a very different thing."

"In any case I insist that you shall not go," Oliver repeated. "I maintain you here, and I have a right to be consulted about your amusements. And I won't have it said that my sister has been seen at an inde—an objectionable play."

Maidie glared at him for a minute in silence. Her black eyes were full of passion. "You cared little enough where I went when I had nowhere to go," she cried, after a minute, in her high-pitched, hysterical voice. "When I knew nobody and should have been thankful for a few friends, you never took me out or introduced me to a single soul. I suppose you were ashamed of me. And now I have picked up a few chums of my own, and get a little fun on my own account, I'll thank you not to interfere. You've taken *your* way and I'm taking *mine*. Come, Laura, I shall be making you late, but you see it's not *my* fault. Please open the door, Mr. Verinder-Smith, and let us be off without wasting any more valuable time!"

Mr. Verinder-Smith edged his way past Graham with a mock ceremoniousness, and

flung the door open with a sweeping bow. Mrs. Dangerfield gathered her shimmering folds about her and followed, thrusting out a snaky white hand to Oliver as she passed.

"Good-night, Mr. Graham," she said, smiling triumphantly. "I suppose there is no use in asking you to come with us? I should be delighted if you would. I'm sorry Maidie has not shown herself quite such a good little girl as I've no doubt she usually is. I must try and make her see the error of her ways!"

Last came Maidie herself, who threw her white shawl over her shoulders with a lordly gesture and flashed a burning glance at Oliver as she passed by. In the doorway she turned back for a moment, with a sob and a stamp of the foot like a passionate child. "How *could* you, Oliver? How dare you come and bully me like this before my friends? I *hate* you for it! If you want to send me to the bad altogether, you are going the right way to work."

And then they all vanished, and Sally opened the street door for them and shut them out into the foggy November night.

As for Oliver, he stood leaning against the table, more angry, hurt, and disgusted than he had ever been in his life before. By a strong effort he had kept himself from uttering another word, either in answer to Mrs. Dangerfield's salutation or Maidie's furious speech; but he felt half strangled with the struggle it had cost him. Oh, that bedizened, painted woman, with her unscrupulous tongue—what would he not have given to tell her to her face what he thought of her! And that puppy in the white choker—what a joy to have kicked him out of the house. And Maidie—she simply deserved that he should never come near her again, and should cut off her allowance from that day forward. Oliver snatched up his hat and walked out of the house in a white blaze of indignation—never even noticing old Sally, who stood timidly eyeing him in the hall.

A "SADDLE-BACK" ACADEMY.

IN the Southern States of the Union, far away from the regular lines of transportation, in the recesses of the vast pinewoods, academies are frequently met with; and there they perform all the functions characteristic of their existence. As in the same State they are all formed on the same lines, and resemble one another in every respect unless in their structural character, a description of one will apply to all. The one chosen as a type of the others is known in its own district as the Caledonia Academy, and its site is somewhere within the extensive forest of South-Eastern Alabama.

Preconceived ideas of academic architecture

are rudely shocked on beholding the Caledonia Academy. The designer, who was also the builder, did not pander to classic taste, but with native independence consulted only expediency, economy, and his own predilections. As a result, the academy is a very simple structure, of a shape common to the country and known in the vernacular as a "saddle-back."

The "saddle-back" academy is built on a platform forty feet long by twenty broad. The platform is supported at a height of two feet from the ground by rows of posts sunk deep into the earth. At each end of the platform, a room fifteen feet square has been erected of

untrimmed logs roughly dovetailed into each other at the ends. Convenient apertures are left for one small window in each room. A space of ten feet is left between the rooms, and this serves as an open hall-way, from which doors lead into the rooms. As the rooms are only fifteen feet wide, there is a portion of the platform left open in front. This is the porch, which is shaded by the projecting roof of the rooms, and which covers the whole platform, including the open space between the rooms. The chimneys are built on the outside of the rooms of mason work. The roof consists of "shingles," or small boards made by splitting logs of red oak with the grain, and fastened to the rafters in much the same way as slates. The chinks between the logs were formerly closed with mortar; but repairs have been executed with leaves, twigs, clay, and cotton; whilst, in numerous places, they are still open. This negligence could scarcely be reckoned an evil; for the academy is situated just near enough the torrid zone to render any little imperfection in this respect rather a source of comfort than otherwise. Taken as a whole, the structure is not of a distinctly academic character, and yet is not plain or uninteresting. As it stands in a small pine "clearing" remote from any other sign of habitation, it looks interesting, peculiar, and indefinite; all the more so as its exact location is a conundrum to the visitor. The nearest railway station is an uncertain distance off. The means of communication with it is over badly defined trails, dry and dusty in summer; gummy, rutty, and almost impassable in spring. Homesteads cannot be seen. They hide away in the recesses of the forest. That they are in existence is evidenced by the academy which propagates wisdom and knowledge among the youth of the pinewoods.

Nominally, the academy is a mixed school; in reality, it is a female school, for the best of all reasons—namely, the overwhelming preponderance of the latter sex. At the very least, seventy-five per cent. of the pupils are females, as is also the principal; the remainder are males, and all vary in age from seven to twenty-one.

The academy opens any time in the morning between eight and nine o'clock. About eight, the principal arrives on horseback. She reins her steed alongside the porch on to which she dismounts, and with a dexterous turn of the wrist loops the bridle reins around a tall post.

The principal is young, apparently twenty-four or so, good-looking, with bright olive complexion and sparkling blue eyes. The hair, which inclines to curl, has been plastered down on the forehead and cut with mathematical accuracy. Her dress consists of a greyingham skirt, scarlet cotton blouse, and a straw hat of a bottle-green colour, decorated with two huge feather plumes, between which nestles a gigantic sunflower. Modistes are not common in the pinewoods, and the imagination

has to do the best it can with the material at hand: hence the picture.

A few minutes after the arrival of the principal, the first pupil canters into the clearing on a high, lean Texan mule. It is a young man fully six feet in height, and he sits his bucking mule like a centaur. He wears a coarse brown flannel shirt, and jean pants which are tucked into top-boots. He is a splendid specimen of the "hoosier" class; tall, bony, but lithe and active as a wild cat; always courteous to strangers and women, almost chivalrous, but independent and courageous. At fourteen he handles a rifle like an expert sportsman, and when the occasion requires can use it like a soldier, as many of them did at that tender age during the terrible contests of the Civil War.

But here come two midgets seated on a mule, which advances with a steady lope, whilst the little ones laugh and greet the young Hercules with merry shouts and "Howdyes." After them come at irregular intervals the other pupils; some on horses, others on mules, but all mounted. Soon, all are gathered on the porch in a group around the principal, who greets each new-comer with a pleasant smile and the conventional salutation, "Howdy?" The conversation is brisk and lively. Each one has some item of news or of gossip to contribute to the general fund of knowledge; and by this means neighbours who are two or three miles apart are put in touch with one another. The academy, in addition to its ordinary duties, thus performs those of a newspaper office, gathering up the news into one centre and then diffusing it broadcast. When the conversation lags, the principal calls "time," and the pupils enter one of the rooms, which is the school proper; the other room is a kind of commissary department where billets of fuel and forage for the animals are stored.

The interior of the class-room is bare and uninviting. The logs are unplastered, and the daylight can be seen through numerous chinks. Two desks are ranged along two sides of the room, one at each side. Between them are placed three rough forms. Desks and forms are of pine, discoloured, and liberally decorated with hieroglyphics and figures in bas-relief. A round log two feet high and three feet in diameter with a huge splinter sticking up an additional two feet rests in the open space between the forms and the fire-place. Successive artists have expended their skill in carving on it many queer and droll figures, and in taking off its rough corners and sharp splinters. It is an ideal piece of antique furniture, and is highly prized by the pupils, who by unanimous consent have relegated it to the sole use of the principal.

When the principal was seated on her chair of office she called the roll, and then began the real business of the day. Recitations is the first item on the day's programme. At the word "Recitation" from the principal, a little mite of a girl rises, and, taking up a position in front of the principal, bows low and gravely;

and with her hands folded demurely across the breast begins in a quick, running voice :

"A 'possum up a 'simmon tree,
A rabbit on de ground.
Rabbit says, 'You son of gun,'
Throw some 'simmons down."

She then bows as low and as gravely as before, and retires; her place being taken by another, a little taller, who comes forward briskly, makes a sharp, quick curtsey, and in great haste exclaims :

"Old Abe Dunn with his gun and dog
Crossed the creek on a hickory log"—

Here she stops, knits her brow, stammers, bows, and retires. Each takes his or her place, beginning with the youngest and ending with the oldest. Each has used his or her own discretion in making a selection; the result is a bright and varied programme which includes doggerel ballads, plantation songs, incantations, sacred solos, and dramatic pieces. The majority acquitted themselves creditably until it came to the turn of young Hercules, who was last. He demurred to standing up, as he "guessed" he "hadn't got it"; but, being pressed, steps forward with a confused look on his ingenuous face, bows with a kingly grace and begins Portia's famous apostrophe on Mercy :

"The quality of mercy is not—not—trained"—

"Stop, strained," he corrected.

"It droppeth as the mild and soft and—
and—oh, I don't know it," he exclaimed. "If you please, I'll have it to-morrow."

"Very well," the principal replied, and the stalwart youth bowed, and retired to his seat with a mortified look.

After recitations, which extended over an hour and a half, home-lessons were asked. Each pupil was brought forward in rotation much the same as at recitations. Whilst one was repeating home-lessons, the others were engaged at arithmetic, writing, or history. Each took to his or her duties without a reminder, and all were intent and studious.

By noon the home-lessons were finished and a recess of half an hour ensued for lunch, during which principal and pupils reviewed the various items of information given in the morning. The horses and mules that were tied to the porch or trees close by were given provender.

At half-past twelve work was resumed, and the principal became busy at defining words, explaining phrases, elucidating a sum in

arithmetic, demonstrating a geometrical problem, or construing a passage from Virgil or Montesquieu. It was an admirable illustration of the principle of individual attention, and it worked well. The pupils were all busy, and the teacher the busiest of all. There was neither fractiousness nor grumbling on the one side, reprimanding nor harshness on the other. It was an ideal school in its conduct; and it was, *par excellence*, a working school. The older pupils were well ground on the "Three R's" and history, and knew something about algebra, geometry, trigonometry, Latin, French, economics, and astronomy.

At four, the principal exclaimed "time," and immediately the quiet decorum observed during the day is laid aside and replaced by a boisterous merriment. Books are hastily strapped up or bundled into satchels, hats are donned, and a rush made for the steeds that have been standing quietly all day where they had been hitched. The young Hercules and two of his male companions assist the children and some of the females to mount. With cries, whoops, and merry laughter, the cavalcade scampers off into the various byways of the forest and disappears from view; and the Caledonia Academy stands silent and deserted, in the midst of the limitless pinewoods, a rude, simple building, but the native home of thought, progress, and civilisation.

Thus passes everyday life at the academy for four months of the year. Then comes a long, dreary vacation to the young people of the pinewoods. For eight, sometimes for nine months, the school is closed. The academy is supported by the State—how the State ever discovered its existence is an enigma—and the State proportions the amount of the grant to the population. Its privileges are supposed to be limited to a township six miles square; and as the inhabitants in the Caledonia township are scarcely a family to three square miles, the appropriation is meagre and barely suffices to pay a teacher a wretched salary during three months. But those three months—December, January, and February—are eagerly looked forward to by the pupils and enjoyed as much as holidays are with us. The pupils are never longing to give up their school-life. They get too little of it. When they leave the academy, they graduate—that is to say, they marry and set up housekeeping; but they are still strongly attached to the academy, and it is only the new domestic ties that prevent them from attending: for age is no reproach in a pupil there, and the man and woman are even more eager than the children for an increase of knowledge.

T. KIRKPATRICK.

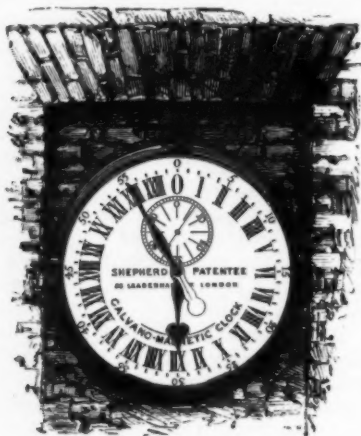
GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

BY E. WALTER MAUNDER, F.R.A.S.

LONGITUDE NOUGHT.

ONE day two Scotchmen stood just outside the main entrance of Greenwich Observatory, looking intently at the great twenty-four hour clock, which is such an object of attention to the passers through the Park. "Jock," said one of them to the other, "d'ye ken whar ye are?" Jock admitted his ignorance. "Ye are at the vara ceentre of the airth."

Geographers tell us that there is a sense in which this statement as it stands may be accepted as true. For if the surface of the globe be divided into two hemispheres, so related to each other that the one contains as much land as possible, and the other as little, then London will occupy the centre or thereabouts of the hemisphere with most land.



This was not, however, what the Scotchman meant. He meant to tell his companion that he was standing on the prime meridian of the world, the imaginary base line from which all distances, east or west, are reckoned; in short, that he was on "Longitude Nought."

He was not absolutely correct, however, for the great twenty-four hour clock does not mark the exact meridian of Greenwich. To find the instrument which marks it out and defines it we must step inside the Observatory precincts, and just within the gate we see before us on the left hand a door which leads through a little lobby straight into the most important room of the whole Observatory—the Transit Room.

THE TRANSIT ROOM.

This room is not well adapted for representation by artist or photographer. Four broad

stone pillars occupy the greater part of the space and leave little more than mere passage room beside. Two of these pillars are tall as well as broad and massive, and stand east and west of the centre of the room, carrying between them the fundamental instrument of the Observatory, the Transit Circle. The optical axis of this telescope marks "Longitude Nought," which is further continued by a pair of telescopes, one to the north of it, the other to the south, mounted on the third and fourth of the pillars alluded to above.

This room has not always marked the meridian of Greenwich, for it stands outside the original boundary of the Observatory. But it is only a few feet to the east of the first transit instrument which was set up by Halley, the second Astronomer Royal, in the extreme N.W. corner of the Observatory domain, a distance equivalent to very much less than one tenth of a second of time, an utterly insensible quantity with the instruments of two hundred years ago.

It would be a long story to tell in detail how the Greenwich Transit Room has come to define one of the two fundamental lines that encircle the earth. The other, the equator, is fixed for us by the earth itself, and is independent of any political considerations, or of any effort or enterprise of man. But of all the infinite number of great circles which could be drawn at right angles to the equator, and passing through the north and south poles, it was not easy to select one with such an overwhelming amount of argument in its favour as to obtain a practically universal acceptance. The meridians of Jerusalem and of Rome have both been urged upon what we may call religious or sentimental grounds; that of the Great Pyramid at Ghizeh has been pressed in accordance with the fantastic delusion that the Pyramid was erected under Divine inspiration and direction; that of Ferrol, in the Azores, as being an oceanic station, well to the west of the Old World, and as giving a base line which gave no preference or distinction to one nation rather than another.

"THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND."

The actual decision has been made upon no such ground as these. It has been one of pure practical convenience, and has resulted from the amazing growth of Great Britain as a naval and commercial power. Like Tyre of old, she is "situate at the entry of the sea, a merchant of the people for many isles," and "her merchants are the great men of the earth." To

tell in full therefore the steps by which the Greenwich meridian has overcome all others is practically to tell again from a different standpoint the story of the "Expansion of England." The need for a supreme navy, the development of our empire beyond the seven seas, the vast increase of our carrying trade, these have made it necessary that Englishmen should be well supplied with maps and charts. The hydrographic and geographic surveys carried on either officially by this country, or by Englishmen in their own private capacity, have been so numerous, complete, and far reaching as not only to outweigh those of all other countries put together, but have induced the surveyors and explorers of not a few other countries to adopt in their work the same prime meridian as that which they found in the British charts of regions bordering on those which they were themselves studying. Naturally the meridian of Greenwich has not only been adopted for Great Britain, but also for the British possessions over-sea, and from these for a large number of foreign countries, whilst our American cousins retain it, an historic relic of their former political connection with us. The victories of Clive at Arcot and Plassy, of Nelson at the Nile and Trafalgar, the voyages and surveys of Cook and Flinders, and many more; the explorations of Bruce, Park, Livingstone, Speke, Cameron, and Stanley; these are some of the agencies which have tended to fix "Longitude Nought" in the Greenwich Transit Room.

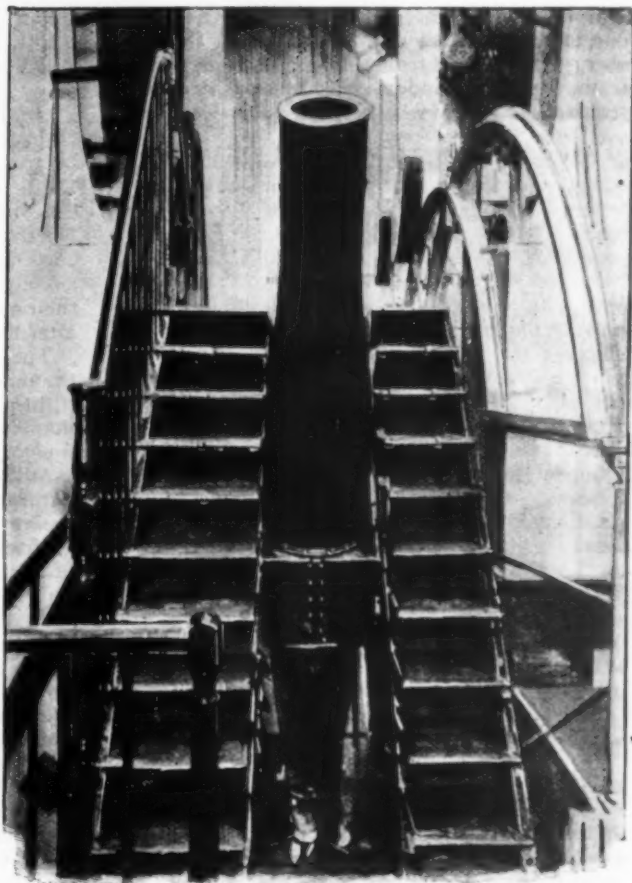
There are two somewhat different senses in which the meridian of Greenwich is the standard meridian for nearly the entire world. The first is the sense about which we have already been speaking; it constitutes the fundamental line whence distances east and west are measured, just as distances north and south are measured from the equator. But there is another, though related sense, in which it has become the standard. *It gives the time to the world.*

SIX KINDS OF TIME.

There are few questions more frequently put than, "What time is it?" "Can you tell me the true time?" A stickler for exactitude might reply, "What kind of time do you mean?" "Do you mean solar or sidereal time?" "Apparent time or mean time?" "Local time or standard time?" There are all these six kinds of time, not to speak of others. It is only within the last two generations, within indeed the reign of our Sovereign, Queen Victoria, that the subject of the differences of most of these kinds of time has become of pressing importance to any but theorists.

In one of the public gardens of Paris a little cannon is set up with a burning-glass attached to it in such a manner that the sun itself fires the cannon as it reaches the meridian. This, of course, is the time of Paris noon—apparent noon—but it would be exceedingly imprudent of any traveller through Paris who wished, say, to catch the one o'clock express, to set his watch by the gun. For if it happened to be in February, he would find when he reached the railway station that the station clock was faster than the sun by nearly a full quarter of an hour, and that his train had gone; whilst towards the end of October or the beginning of November, he would find himself as much too soon.

Until machines for accurately measuring time were invented, apparent time—time, that is to say, given by the sun itself, as by a sun-dial—was the only time about which men knew or cared. But when reasonably good clocks and watches were made, it was very soon seen that at different times in the year there was a marked difference between sun-dial time and that shown by the clock, the reason being simply that the apparent rate of motion of the sun across the sky was not always quite the same, whilst the movement of the clock was, of course, as regular as it could be made.



LONGITUDE NOUGHT, LOOKING NORTH. THE GREENWICH TRANSIT CIRCLE.

We had thus early in the century the two kinds of time in common use, apparent time and mean time, or clock time. But as the sun can only be on one particular meridian at any given instant, the time as shown by the clocks in one particular town will differ from that of another town several miles to the east or west of it. It is thus noon at Moscow 1 hr. 36 min. before it is noon at Berlin, and noon at Berlin 54 min. before it is noon in London.

"RAILWAY" TIME.

This was all well enough known, but occasioned no inconvenience until the introduction of railway travelling; then a curious difficulty arose. Suppose an express train was running at the rate of sixty miles an hour from London to Bristol. The guard of the train sets his watch to London time before he leaves Paddington, but if the various towns through which the train passes, Reading, Swindon, etc., each keep their own local time, he will find his watch apparently fast at each place he reaches; but on his return journey, if he sets to Bristol time before starting, he will in a similar way find it apparently slow by the Swindon, Reading, and Paddington clocks as he reaches them in succession.

It became at once necessary to settle upon one uniform system of time for use in the railway guides. Apart from this, a passenger taking train, say, at Swindon, might have been very troubled to know whether the advertised time

for the whole of Great Britain to be the same as London time, which is, of course, time as determined at Greenwich Observatory. At first it was the custom to keep at the various stations two clocks, one showing local time, the other "railway," or Greenwich time, or else the clocks would be provided with a double minute hand, one branch of which pointed to the time of the place, the other to the time of Greenwich.

It was soon found, however, that there was no sufficient reason for keeping up local time. Even in the extreme West of England the difference between the two only amounted to twenty-three minutes, and it was found that no practical inconvenience resulted from saying that the sun rose at twenty-three minutes past six on March 22, rather than at six o'clock. The hours of work and business were practically put twenty-three minutes earlier in the day, a change of which very few people took any notice.

Other countries besides England felt the same difficulty and solved it in the same way, each country as a rule taking as its standard time the time of its own chief city.

DIFFICULTIES OF AMERICAN TIMES.

There were two countries for which this expedient was not sufficient—the United States and Canada. The question was of no importance until the iron road had linked the Atlantic to the Pacific in both countries. Then it became pressing. No fewer than seventy different standards prevailed in the United States only some fifteen years ago. The case was a very different one here from that of England, where east and west differed in local time by only a little over twenty minutes. In North America, in the extreme case, the difference amounted to four hours, and it seemed asking too much of men to call eight o'clock in their morning, or it might be four o'clock in their afternoon, their noonday.

The device was therefore adopted of keeping the minutes and seconds the same for all places right across the continent, but of changing the hour at every 15° of longitude. The question then arose what longitude should be adopted as the standard. The Americans might very naturally have taken their standard time from their great national Observatory at Washington, or from that of their chief city, New York, or of their principal central city, Chicago. But, guided partly no doubt by a desire to have their standard times correspond directly to the longitudes of their maps, and partly from a desire to fall in if possible with some universal time scheme, if such could be brought forward, they fixed upon the meridian of Greenwich as their ultimate reference line, and defined their various hour standards as being exactly so many hours slow of Greenwich mean time.

The decision of the United States and of Canada brought with it later a similar decision on the part of all the principal States of Europe; and Greenwich is not only "Longitude Nought" for the bulk of the civilised world,

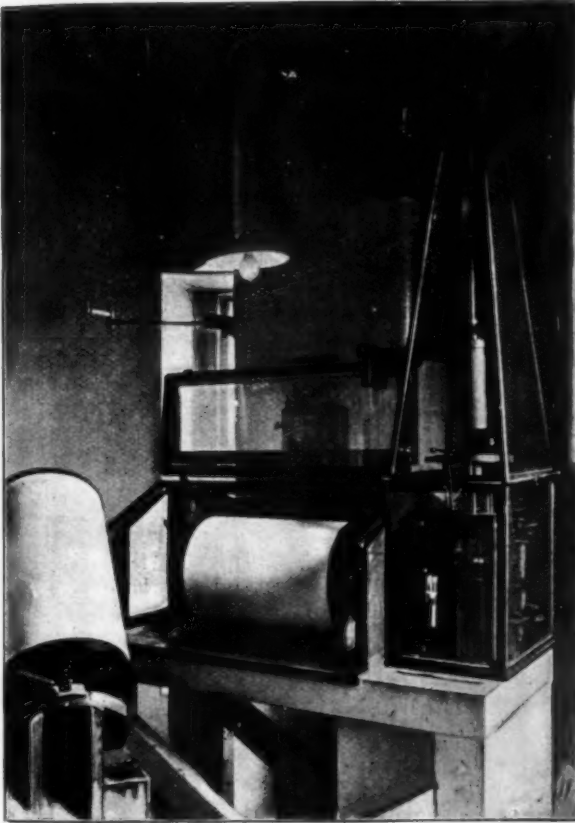


T. LEWIS, F.R.A.S., SUPERINTENDENT OF THE TIME DEPARTMENT.
(From a photograph by Morgan & Kidd.)

of his train was that of Exeter, the place whence it started, or Swindon, the station where he was getting in, or London, its destination. "Railway time," therefore, was very early fixed

but Greenwich mean time increased or decreased by an exact number of hours or half-hours as the standard time all over the planet.

No, the statement requires correction. Two countries hold out, both close to our own doors. France, instead of adopting Greenwich time as



THE CHRONOGRAPH.

such, adopts *Paris time less 9m. 21s.* (that being the precise difference in longitude between the two national Observatories). Ireland disdains even such a veiled surrender, and Dublin time is the only one recognised from the Hill of Howth to far Valentia. So the distressful country preserves her old grievance, that she does not even get her time until after England has been served.

The alteration in national habits following on the adoption of this European system has had a very perceptible effect in some cases. Thus Switzerland has adopted Mid-European time, one hour fast of Greenwich; the true local time for Berne being just half an hour later. The result of putting the working hours this thirty minutes earlier in the day has had such a noticeable effect on the consumption of gas, as to lead the gas company to contemplate agitating for a return to the old system.

Thus Greenwich time as well as the Greenwich meridian has practically been adopted the world over.

HOW TIME IS FOUND.

It goes without saying, then, that the determination of time is one of the most important duties of the Royal Observatory, and it may be well worth our while to note the process.

Entering the Transit Room, the first thing that strikes the visitor is the extreme solidity with which the great telescope is mounted. It turns but in one plane, that of "longitude nought," and its pivots are supported by the pair of great stone pillars which we have already spoken of as occupying the principal part of the Transit-Room area, and the foundations of which go deep down under the surface of the hill. On the west side of the telescope, and rigidly connected with it, is a large wheel some six feet in diameter, and with a number of wooden handles attached to it, resembling the steering-wheel of a large steamer. This wheel carries the setting circle, which is engraved upon a band of silver let into its face near its circumference, a similar circle being at the back of the wheel nearer the pillar. Eleven microscopes, of which only seven are ordinarily used, penetrate through the pier, and are directed on to this second circle.

The watcher who wishes to observe the passing of a star must note two things: he must know in what direction to point his telescope, and at what time to look for the star. Then, about two minutes before the appointed time, he takes his place at the eye-piece. As he looks in he sees a number of vertical lines across his field of view. These are spider-threads placed in the focus of the eye-piece. Presently, as he looks, a bright point of silver light, often surrounded by little flashing vibrating rays of colour, comes moving quickly, steadily, onward—"swims into his ken," as the poet has it. The watcher's hand seeks the side of the telescope till his finger finds a little button, over which it poises itself to strike. On comes the star, "without haste, without rest," till it reaches one of the gleaming threads. Tap! The watcher's finger falls sharply on the button. Some three or four seconds later and the star has reached another "wire," as the spider-threads are commonly called. Tap! Again the button is struck. Another brief interval and the third wire is reached, and so on, until ten wires have been passed, and the transit is over. The intervals are not, however, all the same, the ten wires being grouped into three sets, two of three apiece, and the third of four.

Each tap of the observer's finger completed for an instant an electric circuit, and recorded a mark on the "chronograph." This is a large metal cylinder covered with paper, and turned by a carefully regulated clock once in every two minutes. Once in every two seconds a

similar mark was made by a current sent by the means of the standard sidereal clock of the Observatory. The paper cover of the chronograph after an hour's work shows a spiral trace of little dots encircling it some thirty times. These dots are at regular intervals about an inch apart, and are the marks made by the clock. Interspersed between them are certain other dots, in sets of ten; and these are the signals sent from the telescope by the transit observer. If, then, one of the clock dots and one of the observer's dots come exactly side by side, we know that the star was on one of the wires at a given precise second. If the observer's dot comes between two clock dots, it is easy, by measuring its distance from them with a divided scale, to tell the instant the star was on the wire to the tenth of a second, or even to a smaller fraction. Whilst, since the transit was taken over ten wires, and the distance of each wire from the centre of the field of view is known, we have practically ten separate observations, and the average of these will give a much better determination of the time of transit than a single one would.

A LESSON IN PUNCTUALITY.

But let the watcher be ever so little too slow in setting his telescope, or ever so little late in placing himself at his eye-piece, and the star will have passed the wire, and as it smoothly, resistlessly moves on its inexorable way, will tell the tardy watcher in a language there is no mistaking, "Lost moments can never be recalled." The opportunity let slip, not until twenty-four hours have gone by will another chance come of observing that same star.

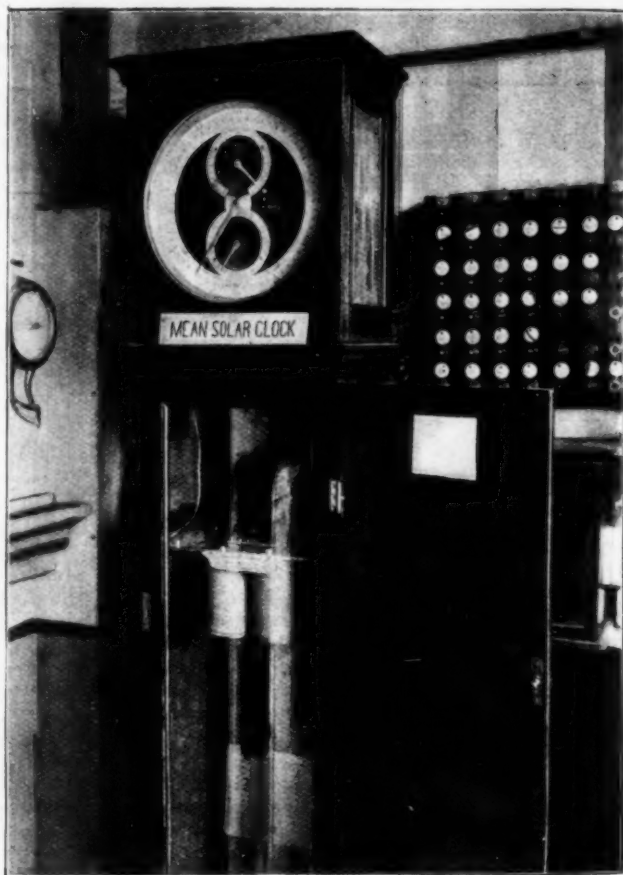
It is the stars that are chiefly used in this determination, partly because the stars are so many, whilst there is but one sun. If, therefore, clouds cover the sun at the important moment of transit, the astronomer may well exclaim, so far as this observation is concerned, "I have lost a day!" The chance will not be offered him again until the following noon. But if one star is lost by cloud, there are many others, and the chance is by no means utterly gone. Beside, the sun enables us to tell the time only at noon; the stars enable us to find it at various times throughout the entire night; indeed, throughout both day and night, since the brighter stars can be observed in a large telescope even during the day.

THE TWO GREAT TIME-KEEPERS.

There are two great standard clocks at the Observatory: the mean solar clock and the

sidereal clock. The latter registers twenty-four hours in the precise time that the earth rotates on its axis. A "day" in our ordinary use of the term is somewhat longer than this; it is the average time from one noon to the next, and as the earth whilst turning round on its axis is also travelling round the sun, it has to rather more than complete a rotation in order to bring the sun again on to the same meridian. A solar day is therefore some four minutes longer than an actual rotation of the earth, *i.e.* a sidereal day, as it is called, since such rotation brings a star back again to the same meridian.

The sidereal clock can therefore be readily checked by the observation of star transits, for the time when the star ought to be on the meridian is known. If, therefore, the comparison of the transit taps on the chronograph with the taps of the sidereal clock show that the clock was not indicating this time at the

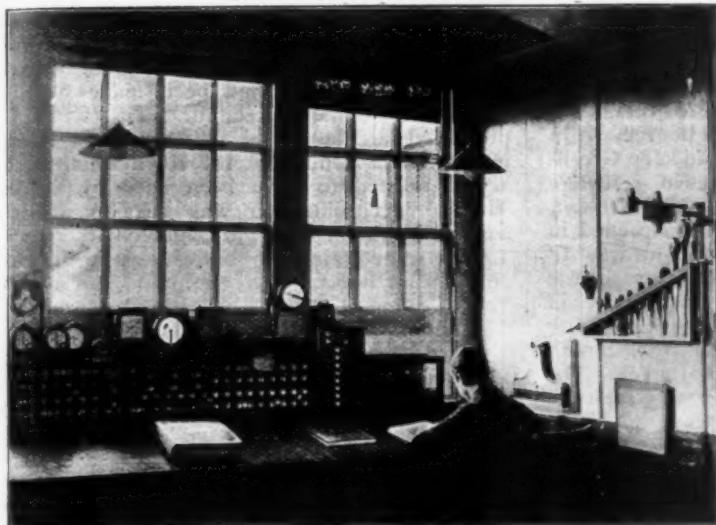


MEAN SOLAR CLOCK.

instant of the transit, we know the clock must be so much fast or slow. Similarly the difference which should be shown between the sidereal and solar clocks at any moment is known; and hence when the error of the sidereal clock is known, that of the solar can be readily found.

KEEPING THE STANDARD CLOCK UP TO TIME.

It is often quite sufficient to know how much a clock is wrong without actually setting its hands right; but it is not possible to treat the Greenwich clock so, for it controls a number of other clocks continually, and sends hourly



THE TIME DESK.

signals out over the whole country, by which the clocks and watches all over the kingdom are set right.

The means, therefore, is provided for setting the clock right very easily and exactly. In the Lower Computing Room, below the south window, are a range of little dials and bright brass knobs that almost suggest the stops of a great organ. Two of these little dials are clock faces, electrically connected with the solar and sidereal standard clocks, so that, though these clocks are themselves a good way off in entirely different parts of the Observatory, the time superintendent, seated here at the time desk, can see at once what they are indicating. Between the two is a dial labelled "Commutator." From this dial a little handle usually hangs vertically downwards, but it can be turned either to the right or to the left, and when thus switched hard over, an electric current is sent through to the mean solar clock. If now we leave the Computing Room and cross the courtyard to the extreme north-west corner, we find the mean solar clock in a little lobby carefully guarded by double doors and double windows against rapid changes of temperature. Opening the door of the clock case, we see that the pendulum carries on its side a long steel bar, and that this bar as the pendulum swings passes just over the upper end of an electro-magnet. When the current is switched on at the commutator, this electro-magnet attracts or repels the steel bar according to the direction of the current, and the action of the clock is

accordingly quickened or retarded. To put the commutator in action for one minute will alter the clock by the tenth of a second. As the error of the clock is determined twice a day, shortly before ten o'clock in the morning and shortly before one o'clock in the afternoon, its error is always small, usually only one or two tenths. These two times are chosen because, though time signals are sent over the metropolitan area every hour from the Greenwich clock through the medium of the Post Office, at ten and at one o'clock signals are also sent to all the great provincial centres. Further, at one o'clock the time balls at Greenwich and at Deal are dropped, so that the captains of ships in the docks on the river or in the downs may check their chronometers.

The time ball is dropped directly by the mean solar clock itself. It is raised by means of a windlass turned by hand power to the top of its mast just before one o'clock. Connected with it is a piston working in a stout cylinder. When the ball has reached the top of the

mast, the piston is lightly supported by a pair of catches. These catches are pulled back by the hourly signal current, and the piston at once falls sharply, bringing the ball with it. But after a fall of a few feet, the air compressed by the piston acts as a cushion and checks the fall, the ball then gently and slowly finishing its descent. The instant of the beginning of the fall is, of course, the true moment to be noted.

The other dials on the time desk are for various purposes connected with the signals. One little needle in a continual state of agitation shows that the electric current connecting the various sympathetic clocks of the Observatory is in full action. Another receives a return signal from various places after the despatch of the time-signal from Greenwich, and shows that the signal has been properly received at the distant station, whilst all the many electric wires within the Observatory or radiating from it are made to pass through the great keyboard, where they can be at once tested, disconnected, or joined up, as may be required.

THE FIRST CHRONOMETER.

The distribution of Greenwich time over the island in this way is thus a simple matter. The far more important one of the distribution of Greenwich time to ships at sea is more difficult. The difficulty lay in the construction of a clock or watch, the rate of which would not be altered by the uneasy motion of a ship, or

by the changes of temperature which are inevitable on a voyage. Two hundred years ago it was not deemed possible to construct a watch of anything like sufficient accuracy. They would not even keep going whilst they were being wound, and would lose or gain as much as a minute in the day for a rise or fall of 10° in temperature. This was owing to the extreme sensitiveness of the balance spring—which takes the place in a watch of a pendulum in a clock—to the effects of temperature. The British Government, therefore, in 1714 offered a prize of the amount of £20,000 for a means of finding the longitude at sea within half a degree, or, in other words, for a watch that would keep Greenwich time correct to two minutes in a voyage across the Atlantic. In 1735, James Harrison, the son of a Yorkshire carpenter, succeeded in solving the problem. His method was to attach a sort of automatic regulator to the spring which should push the regulator over in one direction as the temperature rose, and bring it back as it fell. This he effected by fastening together two strips of brass and steel. The brass expanded with heat more rapidly than the steel, and hence with a rise of temperature the strip bent over on the steel side. This was the

problem. Of these, Dr. Halley, the second Astronomer Royal, and Graham, the inventor of the astronomical clock, were the most celebrated. But when Harrison, then poor and unknown, came to London in 1735 and laid his invention before them, with an utter absence of self-seeking and in the true scientific spirit, they gave him every assistance.

Harrison's first four time-keepers are still preserved at the Royal Observatory. He did not, however, receive his reward until a facsimile of the fourth had been made by his apprentice, Larcum Kendall. The latter is preserved at the Royal Observatory. There is a Larcum Kendall at the Royal Institution which is said to have been used by Cook. Harrison's chronometer was sent on a trial voyage to Jamaica in 1761, and on its return to Portsmouth in the following year it was found that its complete variation was under the two minutes for which the Government had stipulated.

Since Harrison's day the improvement of the chronometer has been carried on almost to perfection, and now the care and rating of chronometers for the Royal Navy is one of the most important duties of the Observatory.

RATING THE CHRONOMETERS.

A visitor who should make the attempt to compare a single chronometer with a standard clock would probably feel very disheartened when, after many minutes of comparison, he had got out its error to the nearest second, were he told that it was his duty to compare the entire army, some five hundred or more here collected, and to do it not to the second but to the nearest tenth of a second. Practice and system make, however, the impossible easy, and one assistant will quietly walk round the room calling out the error of each chronometer as he passes it, as fast as a second assistant seated at the table can enter it at his dictation in the chronometer ledgers. The second beat of a clock, sympathetic with the solar standard, rings out loud and clear above the insect-like chatter of the ticking of the hundreds of chronometers, and wherever the assistant stands he has but to lift his eyes to see straight before him, if not a complete clock-face, at least a seconds' dial moving in exact accordance with the solar standard.

The test to which chronometers are subjected is not merely one of rate, but one of rate under carefully altered conditions. Thus they may be tried with the XII pointing in succession to the four points of the compass, or, in the case of chronometer watches, they may be laid flat down on the table or hung from the ring or pendant, or with the ring right or left, as it would be likely to be when carried in the waistcoat pocket. But the chief test is the performance of a chronometer when subjected to considerable heat for a long period. This is a matter of very great consequence, since a chronometer travelling from England to India, Australia, or the Cape, would



THE FATHER OF THE CHRONOMETER—HARRISON'S TIME-KEEPER.

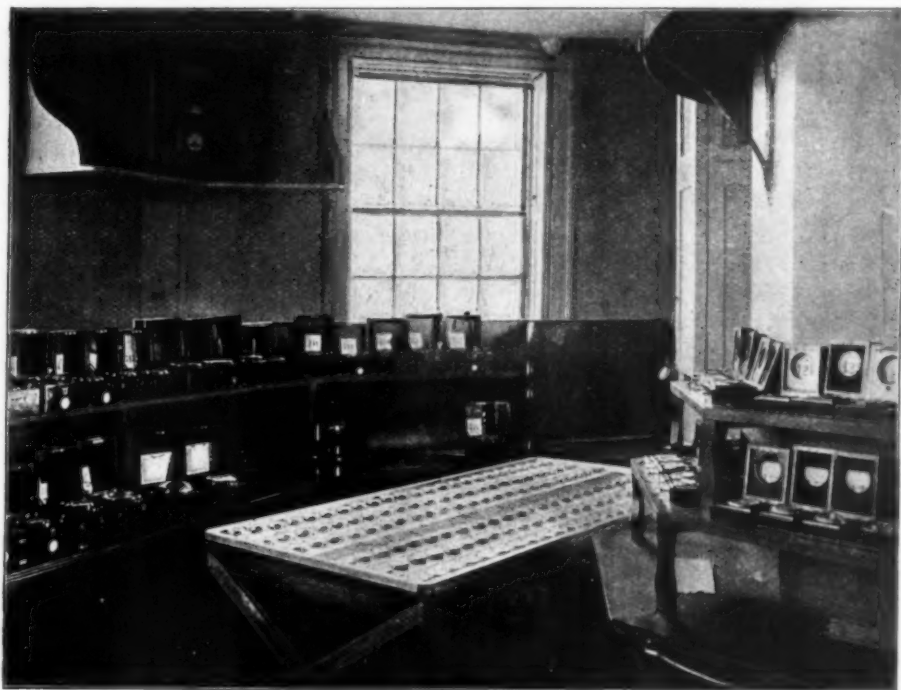
first germ of the idea of making watches "compensated for temperature," watches, that is, which maintain practically the same rate whether they are in heat or cold, and which is now brought to such perfection in the modern chronometer.

The great reward the Government had offered stimulated many men to endeavour to solve the

necessarily be subjected to very different conditions of temperature than it would be exposed to in England. They are therefore kept for eight weeks in a closed stove at a temperature of about 85° or 90° . At one time a cold test was also applied, and Sir George Airy, the late Astronomer Royal, in one of his popular lectures, drew a humorous comparison between the unhappy chronometers thus doomed to trial, now in heat and now in frost, and the lost spirits whom Dante describes as alternately plunged in flame and ice. The cold test has, however, been done away with. It is perfectly easy on the modern ship to keep the chronometer comfortably warm even on an Arctic expedition. The elaborate cold testing applied to Sir George Nares' chronometers before he

three voyages. As has already been pointed out, it is the extent and thoroughness of the hydrographic surveys of the British Admiralty which have largely contributed to the honour done to England by the international selection of the English meridian, and of English standard time, as in principle those for the whole civilised world. The generosity and public spirit therefore which led the second Astronomer Royal to help forward and support his rival, has almost directly led to this great distinction accruing to the Observatory of which he was the head.

Three different methods have successively been used in the determination of longitudes of distant places. In each case the problem required was to ascertain the time at the standard place, say Greenwich, at the same



THE CHRONOMETER ROOM.

started on his polar journey was found to have been practically quite superfluous; the chronometers were, if anything, kept rather too warm. The exposure of the chronometer in the cooling box, moreover, was found to be attended with a risk of rusting its springs.

OVER-SEA LONGITUDE.

Once the determination of the longitude at sea became possible, it was clearly the next duty to fix with precision the position of the principal places, cities, ports, capes, islands, the world over. Of all the work done in this department none has ever been better, in proportion to the means at command, than that accomplished by Captain Cook in his celebrated

time that it was being determined in the ordinary way at the given station. One method of ascertaining Greenwich time when at a distance from it was, as stated in the paper on Greenwich Observatory, to use the moon, as it were, as the hand of a vast clock, of which the sky was the face and the stars the dial figures. This is the method of "lunar distances," the distances of the moon from a certain number of bright stars being given in the Nautical Almanac for every three hours of Greenwich time.

As chronometers were brought to a greater point of perfection, it was found easier and better in many cases to use "chronometer runs," that is, to carry backwards and forwards between the two stations a number of good

chronometers, and by constant comparison and re-comparison to get over the errors which might attach to any one of them.

LONGITUDE BY TELEGRAPH.

But of late years another method has proved available. Distant nations are now woven together across thousands of miles of ocean by the submarine telegraph. The American reads in his morning paper a summary of the debates of the previous night in the House of Commons at Westminster. The Londoner watches with interest the scores of the English cricket team in Australia. It is now therefore possible for an astronomer in England to record, should he so desire, the time of the transit of a star across the wires of his instrument, not only on his own

grounds in flat stones which lie level with the surface, and bear a name and date like the gravestones in some old country churchyard. These are not, as one might suppose, to mark the burial places of deceased astronomers, but record the sites where, on their visits for longitude purposes, different foreign astronomers have set up their transit instruments. Now, however, a permanent pier has been erected in the courtyard, and a neat house—the transit pavilion—built over it, so that in all probability no fresh additions will be made to these sepulchral-looking little monuments.

AN UNCONSCIOUS MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

It might be asked what reason is there for a foreign observer to come over to England for



CHRONOMETER OVEN.

chronograph, but upon that of another Observatory, it may be 2,000 miles away. Or much more conveniently each observer may independently determine the error of his own clock, and then bring his clock into the current, so that it may send a signal to the chronograph of the other station.

In one way or another this work of the determination of geographical longitudes has been an important part of the extra-routine work at Greenwich, part of the work which has built up and sustained its claim to define "Longitude Nought"; and many distinguished astronomers, especially from the leading Observatories of the Continent, have come here from time to time to obtain more accurately the longitude of their own cities. The traces of their visits may be seen here and there about the Observatory

such a purpose? Would it not be sufficient for the clock signals to be exchanged? But a curious little fact has come out with the increase of accuracy of transit observation, and that is, that each observer has his own particular habit or method of observation. A hundred years ago, Maskelyne, the fifth Astronomer Royal, was greatly disturbed to find that his assistant, David Kinnebrook, constantly and regularly observed a star-transit a little later than he did himself. The offender was scolded, warned, exhorted, and finally, when all proved useless to bring his observations into exact agreement with the Astronomer Royal's, dismissed as an incompetent observer. As a matter of fact, poor Kinnebrook has a right to be regarded as one of the martyrs of science, and Maskelyne, by this most natural but mistaken judgment, missed

the chance of making an important discovery, which was not made until some thirty years later. Astronomers now would be more cautious of concluding that observations were bad simply because they differed from what had been expected. They have learnt by experience that these unexpected differences are the most likely hunting ground in which to look for new discoveries.

In a modern transit observation with the use of the chronograph it will be seen at once that before the observer can register a star-transit on the chronograph, he has to perceive with his eye that the star has reached the wire, he has to mentally recognise the fact, and consciously or unconsciously to exert the effort of will necessary to bring his finger down on the button. A very slight knowledge of character will show that this will require different periods of time for different people. It will be but a fraction of a second in any case, but there will be a distinct difference, a constant difference, between the eager, quick, impulsive man who habitually, as it were, anticipates the instant when he sees star and wire together, and the phlegmatic slow-and-sure man who carefully waits till he is quite sure that the contact has taken place, and then deliberately and firmly records it. These differences are so truly personal to the observer, that it is quite possible to correct for them, and after a given observer's habit has become known, to reduce his transit times to those of some standard observer. It must, of course, be remembered that this "personal equation" is an exceedingly minute quantity, and in most cases is rather a question of hundredths of seconds than of tenths.

ROUTINE AND RECORD-BREAKING.

It will be seen from the foregoing description how little of what may be termed the picturesque or sensational side of astronomy enters into the routine of the Time Department, the most important of all the departments of the Observatory. The daily observation of sun and of many stars—selected from a carefully chosen list of some hundreds, and known as "clock stars"—the determination of the error of the standard clock to the hundredth of a second if possible, and its correction twice a day, the sending out of time signals to the General Post-Office and other places, whence they are distributed all over the country; the care, winding, and rating of hundreds of chronometers and chronometer watches, and from time to time the determination of the longitude of foreign or colonial cities, make up a heavy, ceaseless routine in which there is little opportunity for the realisation of an astronomer's life as it is apt to be popularly conceived.

Yet there is interest enough in the work. There is the charm which always attaches to work of precision, the delight of using delicate and exact instruments, and of obtaining results of steadily increasing perfection. It may be

akin to the sporting passion for record-breaking, but surely it is a noble form of it which has led the assistants, in recent years, to steadily increase the number of observations in a normal night's work up to the very limit, taking care the while that their accuracy has in no degree suffered. In longitude work also "the better is the enemy of the



W. W. BRYANT, B.A., F.R.A.S., ASSISTANT IN CHARGE OF THE TRANSIT CIRCLE.

(From a photograph by Morgan & Kidd.)

good," and there is the ambition that each fresh determination shall be markedly more precise than all that have preceded it. The constant care of chronometers soon reveals a kind of individuality in them which forms a fresh source of interest, whilst if a man has but a spark of imagination, how easily he will wrap them round with a halo of romance.

ROMANCE IN A CHRONOMETER LEDGER.

Glance through the ledgers and you will see how some of them have heard the guns at the siege of Alexandria, others have been carried far into the frozen north, others have wandered with Livingstone or Cameron in the trackless forests of equatorial Africa.

More striking still are those pages across which the closing line has been drawn; never again will the time-keeper there scheduled return to the kindly inquisition of Flamsteed Hill. This sailed away in the *Wasp*, and was swallowed up in the eastern typhoon; that went down in the sudden squall that smote the *Eurydice* off the Isle of Wight; these foundered with the *Captain*. The last fatal journey of Sir John Franklin to find the North-West Passage leaves its record here;

the chronometers of the *Erebus* and *Terror* will never again appear on the Greenwich muster roll. Land exploration claims its victims too. Sturt's ill-fated expedition across Australia, and Livingstone's last wandering, are represented.

Sometimes an amusing entry interrupts the silent pathos of these closed pages. "Lost by Mr. Smith on the coast of Africa" reads at first sight like a rather thin attempt of some one to shift the responsibility of his own carelessness

could overcome them. We may take it that the real story outlined here was one of courage and hard fighting, not of carelessness and shirking.

Stories of higher valour and nobler courage yet are also hinted: the calm discipline of the crew of the *Victoria* as she sank from the ram of the *Camperdown*, the yet nobler devotion of the men of the *Birkenhead*, as they formed up in line on deck and cheered the boats that bore away the women and children to

582 *Dont 1539* *Rescued 1842 April 28*

To whom transferred	Date	From whom received	Date
<i>Styx</i>	1842 Apr 30	<i>Styx</i>	1842 Dec 5
<i>Styx</i>	1843 Dec 20		
<i>Styx</i>	1844 March 6	<i>Styx</i>	1844 Jan 7
<i>Mr Dont</i>	1845 Sep 28	<i>Styx</i>	1845 Jan 3
		<i>Mr Dont</i>	1845 Nov 11
<i>Demograph</i>	1846 Jan 7 18	<i>Demograph</i>	1849 Oct 6
<i>Mr Dont</i>	1849 Oct 1	<i>Mr Dont</i>	1850 Dec 1
<i>Continued by N. M. S. Inglefield</i>	1850 July 31		

Lost in wreck of "Birkenhead"
See Hydrographer's list 1875 Dec. 1
taken off books 26 June 16

LOST IN THE "BIRKENHEAD." AN ENTRY FROM THE CHRONOMETER LEDGER.

on to the broad shoulders of Mr. Nobody. In reality it probably gives a hint of the necessary, dangerous, and exciting work of slave-dhow chasing which gives employment to our ships on the African coast. "Mr. Smith" was probably a petty officer who was told off to carry the chronometer for a boat's crew sent to search for a slave-dhow up some equatorial estuary. Probably the dhow was found, and the Arabs who manned it gave so stout a resistance that "Mr. Smith" and his men had other things to do than take care of chronometers before they

safety, whilst they themselves went down with the ship into the shark-crowded sea.

"There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought
 By shameful strength, unhonoured life to seek;
 Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught
 To trample down the weak.

"What followed, why recall? The brave who died
 Died without flinching in that bloody surf.
 They sleep as well beneath that purple tide
 As others under turf."

PAUL CARAH, CORNISHMAN.

BY CHARLES LEE.



THE OLD MAN'S FACE CLEARED. "THERE, I DIDN' MANE 'O INTERRUPT 'EE."

CHAPTER XII.

MR. JOSE watched the growth of friendly relations between Paul and Jennifer with chuckling delight. The great desire of his later years seemed in a fair way to be realised. When man and maid plant the tree of brotherhood together, and water it continually with confidential talk, it will not be long before buds of love appear, in time to become blossoms

fit for the decoration of the matrimonial altar. It was not in him to resist the temptation to make little forcing experiments, which in his clumsy fingers were apt to produce anything but the desired effect.

It was his invariable custom every Sunday after dinner to take the big family Bible from the side table where it reposed during the week, and retire with it into the grim little parlour, where he would sit bolt upright on

one of the rigid chairs, facing his wife's portrait, the Bible on his knees, reading, meditating, dozing now and again, and communing with the spirit of the departed. For it was his belief that she was permitted to pay a weekly visit to her earthly home every holy day from two till four. (Pardon the grotesque touch; there was nothing grotesque or irreverent in it to the simple old man.) Hence his scrupulous care to keep everything in the room exactly as it had been in the days of her lifetime. The notion of a spirit purged of all earthly passions was inconceivable to him. Something of the late Mrs. Jose's devotion to her best room must still cling to her, something, too, of the temper that had brooked no interference with its inflexible arrangement. Her anger of old had been a thing to flee from; how much more so her ghostly wrath!

All through the afternoon he sat there, shut off from the world, as in an ante-chamber to the palace of the Hereafter. Sometimes he would come out, his homely face shining, with stories of a voice heard, of a soft hand laid on his shoulder, of glimpses caught of a bright thing floating. Paul and Jennifer remained in the kitchen, talking in whispers, vaguely conscious of a supernatural presence.

One Sunday afternoon, the old man, with the Bible tucked under his arm, and his hand on the parlour door, about to push it open, paused and looked back on the two young people. They made a delightfully domestic picture, sure enough—Jennifer looking out of window, with her elbows on the table and one hand supporting her cheek, Paul by the fire, smoking, his long legs sprawling over half the room. Things were going swimmingly, to be sure; but a diplomatic fillip would not be amiss.

"Mus' liv 'ee alone now for a bit," he said. "But don't s'pose you've any objection to *that*, from what I mind o' *my* young days. Don't be bashful, Paul; an', Jennifer, don't 'ee be teasy."

With a knowing wink he disappeared.

Jennifer, looking up with a gesture of annoyance, caught a broad grin on Paul's face. She started to her feet.

"I'm goin' out for a walk," she said abruptly.

"Are 'ee, though?" said Paul. "Well, I don't much fancy stoppin' in here alone"—here he glanced at the parlour door—"so I'll come wi' 'ee."

"No, you waan't," said Jennifer decidedly. "I'm goin' alone."

"How?" asked Paul. "You're brave an' soshable to-day, edn' 'ee?"

"I don't wish no Sunday strolls wi' young men," said she. "Folks 'll talk nonsense."

"Pouf! Let 'em talk," said he. ("Twill be fun if they do," he thought.)

"I hate to be talked about," said she.

"Do 'ee, now?" he said, with unfeigned surprise. She hated it! And to his taste it gave life half its savour, and that the sweeter half.

"Ess. 'Specially in *that* way," said she growing red.

"What way?" grinned he.

Her Sunday hat was on the table, where she had laid it on her return from morning chapel. She caught it up, and was retreating upstairs. Paul intercepted her, and seized the hat by the brim, laughing. A walk with Jennifer was no great allurements, but he was not to be thwarted and contemptuously thrust aside by any maid in creation.

"Let go," said Jennifer, under her breath.

"Not without you promise to let me come."

"No!" she declared, tugging at the hat.

"I will, then, whether you've a mind to or no," he insisted, piqued at her obstinacy.

"Never while I do live!" she averred, trying to wrench the hat out of his hand.

"No, you don't!" cried Paul, laughing boisterously and tugging back. "Pulley-haul!"

There was a tearing sound, and half the brim came away in Paul's hand. Abashed and disconcerted, he strove to smother his confusion with a louder laugh.

"What a joke!" he exclaimed.

Never was a woman so free from dressy vanity as Jennifer; but the wanton destruction of her best hat and Paul's brutal laughter were too much for her composure. She sank on a chair and began to cry.

"'Ere, what's this? Haul on a bit, Jennifer!" exclaimed Paul, evincing all a man's irritated discomposure at the sight of feminine tears.

"You're a brute," sobbed Jennifer, "an' I'll never spake ti' 'ee again—never!"

Paul began to pace up and down, his emotions shifting, and each change producing a muttered sentence.

"So much your fault as mine. How dedn' 'ee let go?" He could think of no other word of justification. 'Twas a weak one, too.

"What a fuss over a shabby auld hat!" Women are petty creatures. It takes a man to rise superior to trivial misfortunes.

"Jennifer, I give 'ee my word I dedn' mane to do et!" 'Twas handsomely said; but the perverse creature wept on silently, and took no notice whatever.

"Jennifer, I'll buy 'ee a new wan, twice as good, nex' week, so I will." There! what more did she want? A good deal, seemingly; for she gave no sign. The sound of a long-drawn sob made something within him prick and tingle unpleasantly. *Was* he a brute? He had been a bit too rough, certainly.

"Jennifer, don't be vexed. I'm sorry, that I am." An apology? Paul Carah owning himself in the wrong? And it didn't hurt him either; on the contrary, he felt a delightful glow—virtuous magnanimity, no doubt.

Still no sign.

"Jennifer, forgi'e me, will 'ee, an' be friends?"

Still mute? Well, he wasn't going to beg again; and he didn't care a rap. And he didn't feel as miserable as a tinkler's cur; on

the contrary, he was in the highest of spirits—witness his merry whistling.

The sound of a scraping chair came from the adjoining room. Jennifer sat up, and hurriedly wiped her eyes.

"Stop whistlin'," she said. "You're vexin' da. He'll be out direkly."

"Let en," said Paul, between two staves.

"Stop, I tell 'ee," urged Jennifer. "You don't know how p'tickler da is 'bout Sunday be'aviour, f'rall his quiet ways. He'll turn 'ee out, as like as not. Not that I care ef 'a do, so don't think et. But da mus'n be vexed. I beg of 'ee, stop."

"Say you do forgi'e me, then, or I whistle in the face of en," said the cunning Paul.

The latch of the door gave a preliminary rattle.

"Quick!" whispered Paul, bending over her. "Quick, an' the canary gets the fault."

"Ess, then, I forgive 'ee," she murmured, yielding to circumstance.

An absurd, irrational impulse, in which deliberate intention had no part, he would swear, made Paul stoop still lower and kiss the hair over her forehead. She flushed an angry crimson, just as the parlour door flew open and disclosed Mr. Jose.

"What ded I hear?" he said sternly. "Profane whistlin' on a Sunday?"

"Whistlin'?" said the unblushing Paul. "Must ha' been the canary you heerd. The li'll chap's been hollerin' fit to put one deaf."

"'Twas a tune I heerd," said Mr. Jose severely, "a profane, week-day tune. An' you tell me 'twas the canary?"

"Aw ess, 'twas he, right 'nough," Paul assured him. "Smart li'll chap. This long while I've noticed en when I've been whistlin', listenin' with his heed cocked on wan side, takin' et all in. Sim' me he'd a mind to surprise us all with his cleverness."

Mr. Jose looked doubtfully at Paul. Then he stepped from the doorway and peered up at the cage.

"Never heerd tell o' no s'ch thing," he muttered, shaking his head in a puzzled way. "Strange, to be sure. Wouldn' ha' b'lieved et."

Only half convinced, he was returning, when he caught sight of Jennifer's flushed, tear-stained face. She seemed greatly agitated, now he looked, so did Paul. And when the door opened, had they not been very close together, he bending over her? There was only one inference possible. The old man's face cleared; the reprehensible behaviour of the canary went out of his mind, and he smiled a cunning smile.

"There! I dedn' mane to interrupt 'ee," he said. "Don't mind me; get along with your chat. I'm goin' back."

He trotted off into the parlour, rubbing his hands gleefully, and carefully shutting the door behind him.

"Grand!" he said to himself. "I knawed

they only wanted a little pushin' an' managin'. Grand, so 'a es!"

In the kitchen an embarrassed silence reigned. The thoughts of both dwelt on one thing—the kiss. Paul was wondering what on earth had possessed him to act so foolishly and imprudently. 'Twas a generous impulse, no doubt, springing from the sight of her distress, and calculated to allay it more quickly and completely than anything else. But how rash! He knew these women, 'twas a short cut in their minds from a kiss to a ring. *Absit omen!* She was a sensible maid; surely she would never take it seriously. 'Twas her way, though, to take things seriously. If she did—! He liked her well enough at times; as a friend she was tolerable, even desirable; but as a sweetheart! No, when we want one 'tis to be hoped we can find a better-looking one, and a better-tempered one, one that will look up to us more, laugh more readily at our jokes, appreciate better our unique merits, and not keep such a sharp eye for the few infinitesimal faults in our character.

Jennifer was angry with herself because she was not angrier with Paul. Something unknown and terrible had come over her; she knew not what. He had torn her hat, he had mocked and insulted her, he had lied outrageously to her father, and she had weakly submitted and acquiesced. She hated herself for it. And this masterful, overbearing fellow, who strove to bend her to his will by sheer brute force, did she not hate him too? And if not, why not? Her tears had left her weak and passive, and over her forehead was a spot that burned. Confused emotions whirled within her, one she could recognise—'twas shame, overwhelming shame; the others she could fit no names to.

He was strangely silent. She peeped furtively up at him. He stood biting his lip, and staring moodily into the fire. He had her at his mercy, and he didn't know, or didn't care. She hated the brutal fellow. And he was kind and tender with her Dummy too. Father was fond of him. He stamped and shouted and boasted; he was as conceited as a cloamen cat; she detested him. Yet he was strong and brave; he had done things to excuse, if not to justify, his conceit and boasting. When Steve insulted her he had not stopped to weigh the consequences, but had flown to fight in defence of her good name. Small thanks he had got from her for that. He could own he was in the wrong too; just now he had humbly apologised. And he had gained her pardon. But how? By a mean trick. And then he had kissed her; not on the face though—thank goodness for that. But he had kissed her. No doubt he had kissed maids before; he had dropped hints to that effect in a casual, joking way, as if 'twere nothing. No one had ever kissed her before. Did he realise how it shocked and pained her? She wished to do him justice. Could she blame him for doing what another girl would consider in the light

of a joke, and dismiss from her mind with a laugh and a blush? Ah! but to be kissed by a talkative boaster. All the world would know of it. Yes, she hated him.

Unasked, unlooked for, he had come splashing into the quiet current of her life, where no other man had entered, save her father. After her first mistrustful alarm she had acquiesced, and from indifference had passed to calm, open-eyed, tolerant liking. And now at a touch he had sprung to gigantic proportions, filling her horizon, blotting out all else. There was something in her that magnified him portentously, merits, faults and all. The image, with its terrible promise of persistence, possessed and overwhelmed her.

She ventured to peep at him again. He did not seem elated. That frown might mean bewilderment, or depression, or shame, but not the pluming coxcomb's vanity she feared.

He was peeping round too, and their eyes met.

"Jennifer," he said hesitatingly, "we—we waa'n't say no more 'bout this; we'll forget everythin' that happened, eh?"

She was surprised and grateful.

"Ess, Paul," she said in a low voice. "Best to do so."

"I dedn' mane to—to do that," he stammered; "an' I caan't think what made me. 'A wadn' in my mind to do so, an' I dedn' mane nothin' by en—nothin' at all."

She believed him, and she was glad—yes, she was sure she was glad to hear it.

"'Friends an' no nonsense?'" quoted Paul, with a half laugh.

"'Friends an' no nonsense,'" replied Jennifer solemnly.

CHAPTER XIII.

ABOUT the second week in November northerly gales set in. After waiting a few days Porthvean drew up its boats and resigned itself to a long rest of four months, thankful that the elements had delayed so long before announcing winter. It came as a relief to Paul; already he was beginning to weary of this eternal shooting and pulling up of nets and lines; he pined for a temporary change of occupation, above all, one that would not necessitate constant appearances in the village, where the finger of ridicule was as the finger on a sign-post, permanent, fixed, ever pointing Paulward.

There was plenty to do. A fisherman's rest in winter is only a rest from the fight with the waves; it must not be supposed that he remains idle meanwhile. With the spring comes crabbing time, and the pots must be ready. A set, or "fleet," of pots numbers seventy-two, all to be renewed yearly; and two pots a day make hard work. And before they are made the materials must be procured. At Porthvean this meant ten-mile tramps over the moors to the nearest osier-bed, days of hard labour, up to one's knees in a swamp cutting and trimming

the withies, and weary journeys back through the winter darkness with a heavy faggot on one's back.

Then there were other long tramps over crofts and copses, selecting and cutting sticks of hazel, blackthorn, and furze, afterwards to be trimmed down into "preens," the forked skewers used for fixing the bait in the pots. When the fleet was finished there was the great store-pot to be made, three days' labour in itself; and after that the other gear must be seen to, nets rebarked and mended, new hooks fitted to lines and new lines to hooks, the boat tarred and painted, and fifty other jobs, big and small, attended to. Paul's hands, and Dummy's too, would be full till long after Christmas.

How did matters stand now? Neither well nor ill. Six weeks of fishing had resulted in a gain of twelve pounds. A third share, four pounds, went to Dummy. Incidental expenses had absorbed two more. The six remaining, added to the five in hand, made eleven. But there would be none coming in for four months; and there was a lot to pay out—so much to the owner of the withy-bed, so much to Reseigh for the ropes—three hundredweight—on which to string the pots. Bark, tar, more hooks, personal expenses—he would be lucky if by next March he had two sovereigns to jingle together. Well, better that than nothing; better nothing than the millstone of debt under which the rest of Porthvean groaned. They might harass him and mock him, but he could laugh back; he was a free man, and Reseigh's frown had no terrors for him.

What was up with Jennifer he couldn't think. Like the magnanimous fellow he was, he had quite forgotten the little incident of the Sunday hat. While the memory was fresh he had felt some constraint and uneasiness in her presence, but it had soon faded. With schemes and ideas pushing, shouldering, playing leap-frog in one's brain all day long, the trivial traces of a tiff and a kiss are soon obliterated. He was quite ready, even generously anxious, to re-establish their relations on the old friendly basis. But Jennifer had changed—unaccountably changed. From the calm, serious, steadfast girl he had known before, and grown to like, even to respect in a way, she had suddenly developed into a creature of moods. One day she would be her old self; the next, she was pettish and irritable, taking offence at little things, snapping out sarcasms. Then again a fit of obstinate silence would come over her; if Paul spoke, she would make no answer; or she would avoid him altogether, retreating to her room when they were left alone together. The crab-pots were a-making; Dummy came round daily to work in the out-house which Paul had appropriated for his store-room and workshop. And on Dummy she lavished an effusive, desperate tenderness, alien, one would have thought, to her nature. Dummy trod a maze of chuckling bliss; Paul betrayed some irritation at the foolishness of it all; and the more he fretted, the more she persisted.

Sometimes he felt her eyes on him; he looked round and met them; they were the eyes of the hare in the spring. One would say that some violent struggle was going on within her. Still waters run deep; bubbles rising to the surface give indication of a disturbance; but to the nature of that disturbance they yield no clue—at least they yielded none to Paul, puzzle as he might.

If Paul was puzzled, Mr. Jose was deeply distressed. A fixed idea may blind one up to a point, but there may come a time when stubborn facts block the way, and one is forced to open one's eyes. Convinced of the substantial nature of his hopes, sure of their near fulfilment, at first he regarded Jennifer's unexampled behaviour as a favourable symptom, quoting to himself fragments of secular lore touching the capriciousness of maids under the influence or the tender passion. But as time went on, he began to fidget, discerning no signs of progress; rather did they seem to be drifting apart. In his anxiety he sank so low as to spy on them, departing noisily from the house and creeping back on tip-toe to listen at the door; for they might be playing a double game, as lovers will, teasing him by feigning indifference in his presence. But either they were moodily silent, or the few words he overheard could not be twisted by the liveliest imagination into expressions of tenderness. He tried his famous diplomacy once more, with the lamentable result of driving Jennifer upstairs with a slammed door behind her. Jennifer slamming doors! 'Twas a portent. The fabric of his dream-castle shivered and melted at the sound.

For a while he kept suspicious watch on Paul. If the fellow was behaving badly to his dear little maid—trifling with her—! But Paul's behaviour was unexceptionable. He seemed as puzzled by her demeanour, as ignorant of its motive, as Mr. Jose himself. If he betrayed no ardent despair, he tried several times very handsomely to placate her when she was more pettish than usual. No; the fault, if any, must be Jennifer's. He attempted a grave, gentle remonstrance, and almost lost his temper at the show of obstinate, sullen silence with which she met it. He began to think it was a case for the doctor.

Then Paul, ignorant of the old man's attempt, tried his hand also. One morning he and Dummy were at work in the out-house. There was a tidy pile of pots in the corner now, and three or four were being added to it daily.

They sat face to face, each with the pot in progress fixed between his knees. 'Twas a bright winter morning; the sunlight streamed in at the door, and with it came the limpid crystal song of a red-breast, and now and again the glad yelp of a gull or the barking clamour of a company of jackdaws, giving tongue as they swept by. The shed was full of the sweet sappy odour of the freshly peeled withies. Paul whistled as he worked, now and then waving an encouraging hand to Dummy, or getting up to examine his work and compare its progress with that of his own. Not that



THERE WERE TEN-MILE TRAMPS OVER THE MOORS.

Dummy required supervision; he was the best weaver of pots in Porthvean, and he knew it, and took a simple pride in his work. He was slow, as at most things; Paul could finish three pots to his two; but Paul's was prentice work in comparison, impatient and inartistic, all ragged ends and irregular curves. Dummy's pots were miracles of craftsmanship, strong, neat, mathematically exact of dimension, every constituent rod and twig selected with judgment and interwoven in the fabric with meticulous nicety. 'Twas a sight to see him bending over his work, his lips pursed up, the wrinkles coming and going on his face, his bald head shining as if his brain was perspiring, his stumpy, hairy hands moving steadily in and out, in and out among the withies.

Jennifer came out of the kitchen, hovered about the out-house door, and finally entered. Totally ignoring Paul's greeting, she sat down on a trestle with her back to him and her face to Dummy. Paul saw Dummy look up and grin delightedly, his hands keeping busy at the pot. Then Jennifer made some gestures. Dummy's grin expanded; his hands flashed up, went to Jennifer's shoulder, to his own breast, out seaward, and up into the air with two fingers erect from each clenched fist. Four-master again, thought Paul.

Dummy returned to his work; but he had hardly done so before Jennifer's hands were waving again. Answering at first only with smiles and nods, Dummy was presently seduced into pushing the pot away from between his feet, and entering into an animated conversation.

After a few minutes Paul felt called upon to enter a protest.

"Jennifer," he said, "you're hinderin' Dummy. He'll never finish that pot this mornin' ef you don't liv en be. He edn' like we; he caan't talk an' work too."

She looked slowly round, stared him in the face for a moment, and turned back without a word. Her behaviour had been particularly trying for some days past, and this was the climax. Paul got up and stood by the door, guarding it. There should be no evasion; he was going to have it out with her there and then.

"Look, Jennifer," he said, firmly but kindly, for he liked the maid. She was plain, she was teasy, she showed him scant respect, but after all he liked her. "Look, Jennifer. I don't know what's come ti' 'ee this good while. You edn' be'avin' at all proper, an' I look to know the manen of et."

No answer; no sign that she heard him. To and fro went her hands, and she laughed with a feverish gaiety in answer to Dummy's perpetual chuckle.

Paul persevered. The attitude of grave, temperate reproof sat well on him, he thought; 'twas the experienced man of the world admonishing the petulant, ignorant child.

"You're vexin' your da, an' you're vexin' me. You never used to be so. As well-be'aved a maid as ever I met, you were. How are you so teasy, slightin' those that wish 'ee well, an' look to be trated well by 'ee?"

'Twas well put, plain, not too forcible, and nicely rounded. But she might have been a stone for all the effect it had on her. Paul bit his lip. He could be angry but he wouldn't. There was a problem set—to make her speak; he was going to solve it. She was a maid; he would abandon remonstrance for tender appeal.

"Come, Jennifer," he said softly; "you're vexed about somethin'—vexed an' wretched. We're friends, edn' we? Dedn' we agree to that? Won't you tell your friend what 'a es?"

Still no answer; but her hands dropped on her lap. He edged round behind Dummy till

he had a view of her face. Her eyes were cast down, and her mouth worked. Poor little maid! He felt sorry for her, but she must be made to feel the error of her ways.

"'A edn' fitty 'tall to scorn your friends, an' slight them so," he said.

Her eyes went up; they were wild and hard.

"'Edn' you I do scorn!" she cried harshly.

"Who then?"

No reply.

"Who then?" he repeated. Her evident distress moved him more than he could have thought possible. He forgot his crafty tactics; it was with a genuine impulse of tenderness that he moved towards her and laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Jennifer, dear," he said appealingly, "won't you tell me your trouble?"

"Never!" she cried; and for the second time in his experience of her she burst into tears.

Paul was quite upset, and completely at sea. Not long ago he would have applied the gauge of his vanity, and attributed her behaviour to a flattering, if commonplace motive. But now the thought never entered his head. He knew Jennifer; she was not as other maids were. She could be a friend to a man; he was convinced she could be nothing more. But whatever the cause of her emotion might be, it really hurt him and touched him deeply.

"Don't 'ee cry," he murmured incoherently, kneeling beside her and stroking her hair. "Don't 'ee cry, my dear; it vexes me so, you caan't think. Don't vex your friend, Jennifer. Come, tell me all about et, an' ef I can help 'ee—"

She shook her head and sobbed on. Paul looked despairingly about him.

There came a diversion from an unexpected quarter. Paul heard an angry growl at his elbow. He turned, and there was Dummy, whose existence he had forgotten. And what on earth was up with Dummy?

Dummy, rapt from the seventh heaven by Paul's interruption, had returned to his work for a moment, only to relinquish it immediately. Paul's protesting attitude and Jennifer's obstinate silence puzzled him. Were his two adored ones quarrelling? He watched them narrowly. He saw a question, a vehement reply, and then Paul's hand on Jennifer, and Jennifer in tears. His dear mistress weeping? He was frantic at the sight. What was distressing her? Slowly he worked it out. It must be something Paul had done or said. His anger blazed. He loved and admired Paul, but Jennifer was first by a long way in his affections. He jumped up, growling; and Paul looked round to encounter two glaring wrathful eyes. Instinctively he retreated a step. Dummy rushed to Jennifer, and stooped over her, fondling her and making soft cooing noises. He rushed back to Paul and shook his fist in his face, jabbering fiercely. Jennifer claimed him again. Her face was hidden; he lifted it gently and pored on it. What he read there jumped him to his feet,

his rage redoubled. He advanced on Paul with unmistakably hostile intentions.

"Stand back!" cried Paul, and tried to explain. 'Twas explaining to a wild bull. On came Dummy, mad with fury; and Paul retreated before him—not from fear; strength for strength he was more than a match for Dummy, without taking science into account; but he didn't wish to harm the faithful, blundering creature. So he retreated as Dummy advanced. Round the shed they circled. Paul realised the ridiculousness of his position; he couldn't actually run away; he was reluctant to stand and come to blows. There was only one course open to him, humiliating, but the only one—an appeal to Jennifer.

"Jennifer," he exclaimed, "call him off, or I'm forced to knock him down!"

Jennifer looked up, saw Paul's look of helpless disgust at the fantastic war-dance he was taking compulsory part in, and burst into a fit of hysterical laughter. Dummy stopped dead; his anger cleared away, he darted back to her side and began to express his delight at the change in her mood by a whirl of extravagant gestures.

Paul was alarmed by the laughter more than he had been by the tears. He started forward, thought better of it, opened his mouth to speak, thought better of that too, and finally turned and went slowly into the garden. Best leave her alone for a bit, he thought.

He leaned by the house door considerably shaken by the scene he had just gone through. Poor little maid! what could have upset her so? Some genuine trouble it must be; no slight matter could thus disturb the deep calm of her nature. She wouldn't tell; she seemed ashamed to tell. "Edn' *you* I do scorn." Herself then? Why? He recalled what he could remember of the whole affair, and of the events preceding it. No; he could see no light. Poor little maid! He was glad that something had impelled him to treat her tenderly. He could do it with safety; there was no nonsense about her, and she would not misunderstand.

Why, here she came, quite collected, but with downcast eyes. She approached him.

"Feel better now?" he said encouragingly. "That's right."

"Paul," she said in a low voice, "I wish to ask your pardon for my be'aviour since—for my be'aviour lately. You're right, I haven't treated 'ee fitty. Ef you do forg'i'e me, I'll be thankful, an' I'll try to be'ave different."

"There, that's all right," he cried heartily, "an' we'll say no more. But ef you'd only tell me——"

"Don't!" she interrupted. "Don't ask me, for I can never tell 'ee. 'Twas only a maid's foolishness; we're weak creatures, you d' know."

"So you are," admitted Paul. "But I dedn' think et o' *you*, Jennifer, an' I caan't make et out. Why, 'twas as ef we were swettards, an' I'd slighted 'ee!"

She cast a swift affrighted glance on him. He was laughing at the absurd notion. She dropped her eyes, and laughed too—a queer little laugh.

"I—I edn' that sort, you d' know," she said.

"That's what I say," said Paul, still laughing. "An' I'll tell 'ee what, Jennifer. 'T'es a good thing to meet with a maid like you, wance in a way, that thinks as you do 'bout all that." He waved his hand comprehensively. "I dedn' think so at first; I saw you wadn' like other maids, an' that puzzled me. An' when I'm puzzled I'm vexed—that's me. But now I'm glad you're so. Look! I've gone swettardin' before now; 'twas fun for a while, but, my ivers! how sick I got o' the fullishness of en, 'fore 'twas done! But you! why, you're as good as a man 'most. Tell 'ee, I do think a brae lot of 'ee. Friendship, aha! better'n all the swettardin' in the world, edn' 'a'?"

"Ess to be sure," she said in a clear voice, and looked him in the face and smiled. She was very pale, and as she smiled she laid her hand on the door.

"Paul," she said faintly, "I don't feel very well. Sim' me, I'm a bit upset. I'll go over stairs an' lie down for a bit."

"Do 'ee, now," Paul urged. "Don't trouble 'bout denner just yet," he called after her. "I shaan't mind ef 'tes a bit late this wance."

CHAPTER XIV.

JENNIFER kept her word, and dropped her incomprehensible behaviour for good.

She was not quite the same as before, though; quieter than ever, more subdued, wonderfully gentle with everybody, especially with Paul. The pride seemed to have gone out of her.

Christmas came and went in peace. The pots were finished, the gear all mended and stored away in the out-house, and by the beginning of February little remained to be done on the seaward side of affairs. Landward, so far as human intercourse went, things were quiet, almost stagnant. At home there was no excitement to be got out of Jennifer. Mr. Jose was sanguine again since the fresh change in domestic relations, but had grown to doubt the wisdom of interference in affairs of the heart, which are proverbially ticklish subjects for a third person to meddle with. So he lay low and let things take their course. With the cove one had little traffic. One stepped across now and again to buy matches or what not, and to chat with the amiable Reseigh, the one just man in a den of rogues. The others were in Coventry.

Paul's restless spirit sought about for something to do, for some one or some thing to battle with, manœuvre against, cajole, astonish, and what not. And some one he found right under his nose, no less a one than Mother Earth herself. Her winter sleep is brief in Cornwall—a mere doze, which a single sunny day is enough

to disturb, even in January. By the first days of February she is wide awake.

Early one morning Paul came out and leaned over the garden gate, waiting for breakfast. It was a bright day, soft and fresh after a night of rain. From the ground arose that sweetest, most intoxicating of odours, the odour of moist earth in spring sunshine; and everywhere, on the trees, in the hedges, among the flower-beds and potato voyers, little filaments of green, little knobs of brown, were pushing forth. Gradually the subtle influence of the season came over Paul and mastered him, and as once before in the presence of the sea, so now again he fell into a waking dream. Now it was no alien monster that cast its spell over him, but the kindly familiar earth, mother and nurse of all living. Rush and leap as we will, we are like the apple-trees, rooted deep in her; when the sap rises in the elms it rises in us too; we bud and burgeon with the thorn and the hazel. From her we come, to her we go. We are her children, she feeds us all our lives, and the happiest, healthiest of us are those that remain as it were babes unweaned, clinging to her breast, sucking life directly from her. Such are they that dig and plough, sow and reap, in fields and gardens.

With vacant eyes Paul stood, and felt the spring stir around him, within him too. The upward push of blade and tendril could almost be seen; one was ready to fancy one could hear the rustling of the root fibres below, as they struggled through the earth, spreading their fine nets to catch moist nourishment. There stood the apple-trees, a grey weather-beaten company. To a touch their trunks were cold, to a push they were stubbornly motionless, as dead things. But they lived, grew, had offspring, and died after fulfilment like men. They had their troubles and struggles too; every knot, every twist and angle of their branches, told a tale of battle. They shrank from wind and cold, they groped after warmth and light, children of earth, brothers in sympathy and origin to men. They felt, they suffered and rejoiced; blind, deaf, speechless, incapable of locomotion, they lived a life of the nature of which we can have no conception; but they lived. Who knows but that they might hold some dim communion with other dumb things, with sun and air, with rain, with insects and birds? With each other perhaps, tossing odours across and back, rubbing twig on twig, the friendly wind their go-between. The wind blew, they leapt a scale in creation, and became creatures of lively motion. The wind was their soul, dwelling outside their bodies, like the soul of the giant in the fairy tale.

The earth is not as the sea, there is no treachery in her. The corn is faithful, it grows where it is planted. The trees pledge their word with flowers and fulfil it with fruit. Lend the soil seed, it repays it duly with interest. The fisherman gambles on his green cloth, the farmer banks his labour. One fights a fierce enemy, the other works shoulder to shoulder

with a trusted friend. A happy life, and surely not a dull one, with green miracles working round one all the year, oneself the miracle-monger.

Did Paul's thoughts run so, as he leaned and stared across the garden, till the earth seemed to heave with thick life beneath his eyes? His visionary mood ran in thrills of feeling rather than in thoughts; thrills hardly to be translated into words, even by one more skilled in self-observation than he. The spell of the earth-magic held him. Jennifer had to call him twice before he awoke and remembered breakfast.

As he ate ideas began to ferment. The riotous sap of spring was in his veins, impelling him to be up and doing. The garden dragged him to itself with every fibre, beckoned with every unfolding tendril. How if he did a little digging, to work off superfluous energy and pass the time away. So he would. Fine sport gardening—calling for much craft and judgment, for muscle too. Better than mucking about with gashly slimy fish. Fish! he was sick of fish. What did Jennifer suppose might be the price of land hereabouts? Which was considered the best soil? And where was the spade?

To think that the garden had lain before his eyes all this while, and he had never seen it, as one may say! And if there was an occupation after his own heart, an occupation he had pined to indulge in from his earliest youth, it was digging.

Naturally everybody's fortune was as good as made. The garden was a tidy li'll splat o' ground, big enough for a family concern, so to speak, but no better than a jumping-off place for Pauline ambition. However, one could make a start with it; the field could be rented in the autumn, say, and the farm next year. Meanwhile we have our eyes on a nice li'll blog of a horse; when we have time we will hunt about for a market cart. Let the Lanwiddock greengrocer shake in his shoes; his custom is as good as gone already. Broc'lo, early potatoes, onions, rhubarb, punkins—yes, to be sure, punkins!—no soil like Cornish soil for them all. Would Jennifer mind running over to the cove and fetching Dummy? Paul hadn't time. The breakfast things? She could wash them up afterwards. While she was there she might go into the shop and buy a spade—two spades. Her father might like to do some digging too. She might do some herself; 'twas splendid healthy exercise, and she had been looking wisht and pale this long time past.

Before her shawl was over her head he had hunted up a spade and was digging furiously. When she returned with Dummy there was already a dark line of freshly turned mould scored across the garden from hedge to hedge, and Paul, axe in hand, was in the act of demolishing an ancient apple-tree that stood solitary, apart from its fellows, in the middle of the plot. 'Twas only an encumbrance, long past bearing, good for firewood and nothing else. He was going to make a clean sweep,

dig everything up and start afresh on virgin soil. Dig, Dummy! Dig, Jennifer! There was an easy bit of ground over there by the hedge, cram full of weeds and rubbishing flowers, a positive eyesore. Jennifer might begin there at once. What was she hesitating about? He had picked out an easy bit on purpose, and she could stop whenever she felt tired.

Mr. Jose, coming home towards midday, rubbed his eyes and gaped at the sudden transformation wrought in his li'll splat o' ground. The apple-tree laid flat, the soil all turned up, Paul, Dummy, and Jennifer digging away for dear life in three separate corners—what did it all mean?

Paul waved him in, helped him off with his coat, and thrust a hoe into his hands before he knew where he was. A dazzling, glowing account of the latest scheme left him gasping, more than half convinced of its plausibility. In dazed obedience to Paul's urgent summons he dealt the ground a few feeble pecks with the hoe. Then he straightened himself and tried to recover breath.

"What a chap!" he murmured.

His eyes fell on Jennifer. He started, and uttered an exclamation.

"Why, Jennifer, what are 'ee up to, rootin' up your flower-bed? Such a wan as you are for flowers, too! I never see a prettier show than you had last summer-time: an' no wonder, wi' the trouble you took, teelin' et an' waterin' et. An' now you've gone and dug et all up!"

"Why, now!" exclaimed Paul remorsefully. "I tauld her to dig there myself. I dedn' know; she never said nothin'. Thou fullish maid, Jennifer, how dedn' 'ee tell me? I dedn' look to spoil your pleasure like that."

Jennifer was blushing.

"Edn' no consequence," she murmured shamefacedly. "I don't belong to set so much store by them as I ded."

"An' you're right!" exclaimed Paul. "They're poor truck, flowers are—no use to nobody; only a vain show, cumberin' the ground." The phrase took his fancy; like Browning's thrush, and for the same reason, he repeated it. "A vain show, cumberin' the ground. You med as well fit an' teel thistles an' dralyers to wance. Weeds weth a grand name—that's all they are. There's a brave row of onions springin' up in my heed along there, Jennifer. Better 'n scroffy gilliflowers an' butter-'n-eggs, aha!"

"Ess, to be sure they are," said Jennifer.

Mr. Jose stared at his daughter.

"Such a wan as you were for flowers!" he muttered, shaking his head. He didn't understand the maid at all of late. Was it weak health, or mere flightiness?

In the afternoon there were curious faces peeping over the garden wall at the excavators. Reports of the digging operations had reached Porthvean, and a rumour spread that buried treasure had been found in Ben Jose's garden. It revived a flicker of the old amused amaze-

ment at Paul's doings, which quickly died away when it was discovered that he was embarking on nothing more out of the common than a little gardening. There was nothing in that. Every man among them had his plot of ground, snuggled away in a sheltered corner by the stream, or perched among boulders on the steep cliff-side; and there he teeled his potatoes and cabbages on windy days—modestly, be it understood, as one pursuing a private pastime; not making a misleading parade of it before the world, holloaing, flourishing one's spade, digging with the desperate energy of a gold-miner, betraying one's neighbours into a display of weak curiosity. Going to make his fortune by it, no doubt. Yah! Cod-liver oil! Going to drop fishing in favour of the new fad? So the rumour runs, but it fails to placate us. The head and front of the offending may be removed, but the rancour remains, too deeply seated to be easily brushed away. We are honest folks all, but we could tolerate a rogue among us, if by fair means or foul he would rid us of this ramping roaring nuisance.

CHAPTER XV.

HAMPERED by the smallest possible modicum of experience, Paul dug and sowed zealously for a fortnight. The potatoes were in, and the onions, the cauliflowers, carrots, beans, and so on through the list. We are nothing if not thorough; every esculent vegetable must be represented. Pumpkin seed was not to be had, but vegetable-marrow would do as well. Better; was it not a native product, and so superior to aught that the Yankees could show? Let Jennifer wait till she tasted it, baked in a pie with a few drops of essence of lemon for flavouring. Even in Cornwall, land of pies and pasties, there was nothing like it; let her take Paul's word for that.

Suddenly, in the midst of his operations, Paul suffered a rude check. His pockets were found to be empty. What with tools and seeds, not ten shillings remained of his little store. And there was no immediate prospect of replenishment, either. After all, in one respect agriculture compares unfavourably with fishing: the returns are heartrendingly slow. Months to wait before a farthing comes back, and nothing to do all the time but a little paltry weeding and training. Not even a Paul Carah can conquer the deliberation of Mother Earth. Personal magnetism avails nothing with a voyer of potatoes, and no amount of hustling will compel onions to work double tides. After all, there was a good deal to be said for fishing, especially for crabbing, which had all the charm of an untried novelty. And what was this in his ears? The echo of a sneering chuckle, of a derisive insinuation that he had lost heart, that Porthvean's black looks were too much for him, that he was about to

throw up his hand and retire defeated? The spades were thrown into a corner, out came pots and brushes, and off hied Paul post-haste to paint his boat.

The crab-pots, as has been said, were piled in the out-house where their manufacture had been carried on. And there also the other gear was stored for the time, having been brought over from the fish-cellar by the quay to be repaired at leisure. Now they must be moved back. When the painting and tarring of the boat was completed, he and Dummy started on the pots. Pots are bulky things, and heavier than one would think, to look at them. Working through the afternoon and into the darkness of the evening, there were still some pots—a dozen or so—remaining in the out-house, and the other gear had not been touched. 'Twas tiring work, and they left the rest for next day. Paul was fagged out, and whether he secured the out-house door or no, he cannot remember. He came in, ordered his supper at once, bolted it, and stumbled up to bed, where he slept, as he always slept, soundly and dreamlessly until the morning. Jennifer's slumbers were more disturbed: she slept lightly of late. She dreamt she was in the garden, chopping up the old apple-tree into firewood; and in the small hours she awoke with a start, with a dream-echo of retreating footsteps in her ears. She listened, but heard nothing, and presently fell asleep again.

In the morning after breakfast Paul went to the out-house, meaning to carry two or three pots with him as he went over to the cove to rouse Dummy, who was apt to be lazy of a morning. He threw open the door, made one step within, and stood aghast. The pots which the night before he had left safely stacked in a corner, were lying strewn about the floor in a state of hopeless wreck. Some were mere heaps of twigs; all had been hacked and smashed—with an axe apparently—in a way to render them quite useless and beyond repair.

Paul's shout of infuriate amazement brought Jennifer out. The sight of the destruction shook her composure, and she screamed. The shock had stunned Paul, and he stood staring stupidly, his hands relaxed and aimlessly groping. She caught one in her own and held it firmly; and so they remained for a while.

Paul began to recover; his eyes went about the shed, seeking a clue. Suddenly he snatched his hand from Jennifer's—indeed, he had never noticed her action or felt her grasp—and darted forward.

"The gear!" he cried. "Tes gone!"

The nets and lines should have been hanging by nails on the wall; but it was as Paul said, their place was vacant. He hunted desperately in every corner; they were not to be found. Then he rushed blindly from the shed, vaulted the gate, and pelted towards the cove, shouting his loss as he went.

By the quay he ran into a peacefully chatting

group—ran right through them, scattering them in all directions. He pulled up, and turned on them, foaming and panting.

"Rogues!" he shouted. "Rogues an' robbers! Where's my gear? Fetch en out, before I smash the lot of 'ee."

They growled ominously, and closed up together, like sheep before a barking cur.

"Look!" came a voice from a safe position in the rear. "Look, Paul Carah; we haven't a notion what you're a-tellin' of, but we edn' to be spoke of in that way. We're nothin' but dirt in the sight of 'ee, no doubt, but——"

The orator stopped perforce. Paul had darted off as abruptly as he had arrived, making for the fish-cellars, and fumbling in his pocket as he went. The remaining pots—had the rogues got at them too?

There were marks of hard usage on the cellar door, but it was safely locked. He pulled out the key, and unlocked it. To his relief, they were all there, intact and undisturbed. He hurried back.

"Thank 'ee for not smashin' the cellar door! But where's my gear, you pack o' thieves? Where's et to?"

The orator resumed his spoilt flight of eloquence.

"I've no doubt we're nothin' but dirt——"

"Nor I nuther, but that edn' the question. Where's my gear?"

Another voice arose, a voice of oily regret.

"Vexed to say we don't none us of know, Paul. But ef I might give a guess, maybe you've fit an' buried et in your sleep, seein' that your mind's that set on diggin' jus' now."

We are in no laughing humour, but Jim Boase's utterances must be honoured in the customary way.

Paul glared round, hungry for a fight, uncertain which rogue to pitch on among so many. One face he sought for, but it was missing.

"Steve! He's hidin', of course. An' you d' all know why. Aw, you're a virtuous lot, 'specially when there's a drunken rogue handy to do your dirty work for 'ee! Where's Steve?"

"Come now!" exclaimed Jim Boase in tones of pained reproach. "See what unjust be-'aviour anger do lead 'ee into. Steve went off yes'day mornin' to Falmouth on an arrand for Reseigh, an' he edn' back yet."

Paul's wrath hung suspended, caught in a net of bewilderment. He had instinctively, inevitably pitched on Steve as the actual culprit; and here were his accomplices ready with an alleged alibi. They were all tarred with the same brush; one stood out among them adorned with an extra coating, to his eyes all black; if he wriggled from one's grasp, whom among the rest, uniform in their dingy knavery, could one fix upon? Baffled, he turned away.

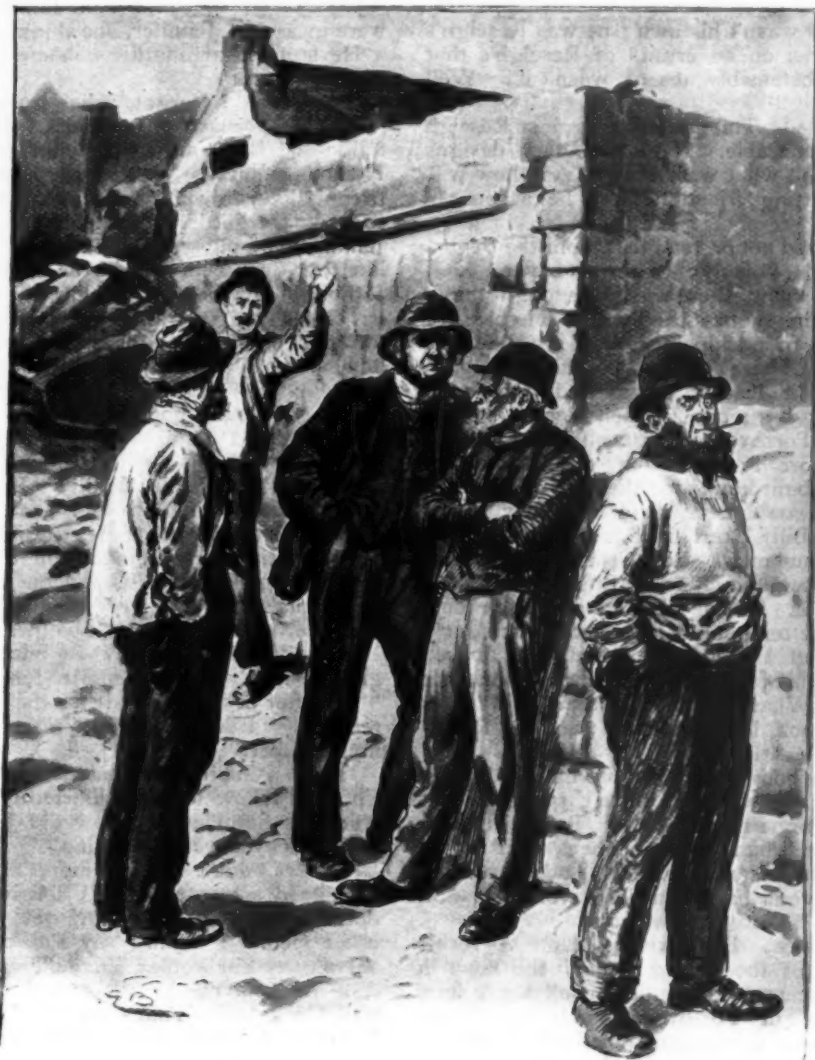
"Whoever 'a es, I'll find en out 'fore long," he called over his shoulder. "Trust me. I'm an honest man, but I've all the wits of a rogue."

An' don't ye look to drive me out this way. Profanin' dedn' do et; laffin' dedn' do et; an' thievin' waan't do et nuther. An' so for you!"

What to do now he hardly knew. Automatically he turned homeward, the hot blood in him driving him along at top speed. At first rage continued to hold him, to the exclusion of all else; but gradually the steady swing

once, if he was to continue the fight. Oh, 'twas hard! He had worked as no man had ever worked before; he had knowingly offended no man; he had gone out of his way to please; and this was the upshot—empty pockets, the imminent prospect of debt, and a town full of foes.

The thief might be caught yet, and the stolen gear recovered. A difficult task, with no clue



"WHOEVER 'A ES, I'LL FIND EN OUT 'FORE LONG."

of leg and arm did its soothing, clarifying work; and he began to think with a brain comparatively calm.

'Twas ruin, or something near it. True, the boat remained, and two-thirds of the fleet of pots. But for two months yet they would scarcely earn their up-keep in bait, and how was the lost gear to be replaced when he had no money left? Replaced it must be, and at

visible, and one net or line as like another as peascod to peascod. Still, with craft and unremitting watchfulness. . . .

He walked faster and thought deeper. Within the cottage he found Mr. Jose and Jennifer talking together. With sympathy for fuel his wrath flared out anew. Porthvean was rotten with roguery from end to end. It was drenched in crime, like shavings in paraffin.

No place for the good man, ever carrying the naked lamp of honesty to guide him in the strait path.

He had a jealous thought 'twas Steve after all, in spite of his ostentatious alibi. He was the biggest rogue; he had been head and chief against Paul all the while.

Mr. Jose agreed, but angered Paul by trotting out his ancient prejudice against Reseigh. The plan wasn't cunning enough for Steve, he said. The hand of a craftier villain was apparent. Steve's soul wasn't his own; he was Reseigh's tool. It was on an errand of Reseigh's that Steve was ostensibly absent, wasn't it? Well then!

Paul fretted. This prejudice against Reseigh was unaccountable. If he had dark designs against Paul, what were they? And how was his unremitting friendliness to be accounted for?

Mr. Jose did not pretend to fathom the depths of Reseigh's villainy; that was beyond him. But this he knew, there was not enough kindly feeling in the shopkeeper to fill a thimble. If he paraded friendship for a man, 'twas for his own ends. There was no human feeling in him save the lust of power and gold. He was nothing but a great, cruel, bloated spider. He had all Porthvean in his web, sucking their blood; before Paul knew it, the viscous net would be about him; and then, struggle as he might, he would never be free. Why, look! there was Billy Drew, as fine a young fellow as ever you met. Billy got married, and borrowed ten pounds of Reseigh on the strength of it. In five years he paid back fifty, and still the ten pounds remained miraculously undiminished. Then Billy kicked. He abused Reseigh to his face, and refused to pay another farthing. What was the result? Billy was sold up, stock, lock and barrel, and left Porthvean penniless.

And of whom was this fable narrated, Paul wanted to know? He wasn't going to get married; no such fool. If Reseigh found another man's hand under his heel, small blame to him if he stamped on it. And a truce to this slanderous backbiting of a worthy man, a true friend if there ever was one.

Now, listen. Paul had a plan. A secret invocation of the strong arm of the law; a sudden descent of the police on all the cellars and attics in Porthvean; nets and lines captured, and a rogue marched off to prison. What did Ben Jose think of that, aha?

Ben Jose had cold water ready. The arm of the law, *videlicet* the Lanwiddock policeman, was a poor weapon for prompt action. He was five miles off, to begin with. Moreover, he was a peaceable man, and had never arrested a criminal in his life. Serving an occasional writ was as far as he had gone. Beloved of all the country-side, he took care to do nothing to endanger his popularity and disturb his life of ease. Police in Porthvean! Mr. Jose sympathised deeply with Paul, but the credit of his native village counted for something, and

the idea of employing such drastic measures took his breath away. Anything rather than that!

What then? Eight pounds' worth of gear gone, the season at hand, and no money in Paul's pockets. If ever a situation called for drastic measures it was this.

Jennifer made a sign to her father.

"Eh!" he exclaimed. "An, ess to be sure. Look 'ee here, sonny," he said to Paul; "Jennifer an' me have been talkin' while you were away, an' Jennifer, she thinks——"

He stopped at another vehement sign from his daughter.

"An ess, I forgot," he stammered on. "Edn' no consarn o' Jennifer's. But we were talkin', as I say, an' I was tellin' Jennifer how I thought maybe, seein' as how we're all friendly like, an' you bein' wan o' the family, so to spake, or gettin' on that way—— Hauld on, Jennifer, you put me all in a maze, interruptin' like that—you bein' wan o' the family, as I say, I thought maybe you wouldn't take offence ef we trated you *as* wan o' the family; an' so—— an' so ef eight pound, or maybe ten, 'ull be of any service ti' ee, why, 'tes *at* your service, so to spake."

The good man mopped his brow and looked expectantly at Paul. Jennifer's eyes were in her lap.

"Uncle," said Paul coldly, "I can see you don't mane no offence, so I don't take none. Nor I don't take no money nuther. I edn' a beggar yet, nor my stomach edn' empty 'nough to hauld no charity. I stand on my own feet, ef you please, an' I pay my own way so long as I'm able, an' owe no man a halfpenny."

"But 'a edn' a loan I do offer 'ee; 'tes a gift, a friendly gift," cried Mr. Jose eagerly.

"Money or thanks, 'tes all the same," Paul replied. "I owe them to no man. I stand on my own feet."

'Twas a sublime attitude, and he knew it. The old fellow looked sufficiently uncomfortable and humiliated. How did Jennifer take it? Her eyes were in her lap.

"There, don't say no more about et," he exclaimed generously. "I forgive 'ee. You don't understand my natur' yet. I edn' like other men. I waan't say I'm better, nor I waan't say I'm worse; I'm deferent, that's all. Ask me a favour, I'm thankful. Offer me a gift, I'm vexed. That's me."

Surely a loftier peak of virtue was never trodden by mortal foot. Wrapt in ecstatic self-contemplation he forgot his troubles. What a noble fellow he was, to be sure, with his sturdy independence, his scorn of gold! He could see the timid admiration in the old man's eyes. And Jennifer, what did she think?

"Edn' I right, Jennifer, to stand on my own feet an' take help from no man? Edn' I right?"

She lifted her eyes. What queer eyes they were, to be sure! Their intensity stabbed one.

"Ess, Paul, you're right," she murmured sadly.

"Why, Jennifer!" exclaimed her father.
 "'Twas you yourself——"

"What's that?" asked Paul, as the old man stopped abruptly.

"Nothin'," he replied, staring at Jennifer in some alarm.

Paul followed his eyes.

"Jennifer," he said, "you're lookin' wisht,

sim' me. Bustle about an' do some churrs. 'A edn' healthy for a g'eat maid like you to sit idle. Bustle, now, while me an' your da talk over this here business. You women d'ave an easy time of et; all the trouble an' worry goes to the men. Woman's life—churrs an' chatter, that's about et; arter that you're nò manner o' use. Come, bustle!"

SOME CURIOUS INSTINCTS.

BY CHARLES DIXON, AUTHOR OF "THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS," ETC.

II.

VARIOUS birds feign lameness when their young are menaced by danger. It is an instinct of peculiar interest, followed by them when closely incubating or when attending their helpless chicks, and it chiefly prevails amongst plovers, sandpipers, and allied forms. Every bird-loving reader of even moderate experience may doubtless be able to recall instances of the display of this curious instinct. One of our most familiar summer migrants of the snipe family may frequently be observed indulging in this form of deceit. We allude to the common sandpiper, a little wading bird that appears in April on the banks of our northern streams and lakes. This engaging little creature makes a scanty nest not far from the water's edge upon the ground, and often beneath the shelter of a tall weed or small bush. Here the female lays four handsome pear-shaped eggs. It is her habit to sit very closely upon these, so that she often allows herself to be nearly trodden upon before she can be induced to leave them. At the very last moment, however, sometimes uttering a shrill weet of remonstrance, she rises from the warm eggs and commences to flutter along the ground, as if both wings were broken or she had partially lost the use of her legs. For the moment, taken as we are by surprise, we are perhaps strongly induced to follow her, notwithstanding all our former experience, and to seek what appears to be her easy capture. Nothing suits the little sandpiper better than to be followed, for she then knows full well her pretty little deceit is successful. She will redouble her curious exertions, reeling and tumbling along, apparently turning complete somersaults, or dragging herself along the ground with both wings drooping and outspread; and so she will proceed all the time, cunningly keeping just beyond reach, until she is satisfied that her nest is sufficiently far away. Then, to a mocking note of triumph, the "broken" wings regain their power with startling suddenness, and she flies rapidly away to join her mate, who has doubtless been watching with anxious eye her dainty wiles,

and is now exulting with her in their complete success.

We have repeatedly seen these sandpipers start from their nest and commence the usual alluring antics, and, as they were not chased, to lay upon the ground a few yards from their eggs with beating wings and tail outspread as if completely helpless, trying their utmost to induce us to follow them. And when those pretty pear-shaped eggs are broken, and tiny chicks like balls of down on long stilt-like legs emerge from them, Mrs. Sandpiper becomes even more solicitous, and seeks to draw all our attention upon herself for a few fleeting moments, during which her young ones may safely hide themselves from view.

What reader has not remarked the almost ludicrous state of anxiety which the lapwing displays if suddenly surprised with her four helpless chicks? How she will artfully assume an attitude of apparent utter helplessness, beating her broad wings in what seems a vain effort to rise, dragging herself along the ground with a broken leg or a paralysed pinion, placing herself in every possible attitude indicative of lameness and helpless despair. But only follow her sufficiently far, and she will rise in triumph and mock you with her shrill expressive cries. Tennyson's familiar lines on the lapwing will here occur to many readers.

The pratincole is another notorious practiser of this peculiar instinct. Lastly, we may allude to the wild duck. If the female be suddenly surprised, say in some quiet little stream with a brood of ducklings round her, she at once begins to feign lameness and to practise all the old familiar tricks and deceptions to draw attention upon herself. Utterly regardless of her own safety, she will fall upon the ground with wings expanded, neck extended, and bill wide open as if gasping for breath. So self-sacrificing is this instinct that we have actually seen a duck of this species allow herself to be seized by a dog rather than desert her brood as she might otherwise easily have done!

We should not forget to say that the young

birds themselves admirably assist their parents' efforts by creeping into nooks and corners and hiding away, remaining still and motionless as death until the danger has passed, and the old birds return and collect the scattered party.

Another sort of instinct finds its expression in saltatory displays and curious actions, often of a most intricate character, and which, whether simple coincidences or not, appear to be very often like an absolutely perfect burlesque of many human movements and characteristics. In some birds, the peculiar and very human-like instinct prevails of making a most elaborate habitation in which to conduct their love-making. We allude to the remarkable structures of the bower birds. These birds are all somewhat plain-looking fellows, yet, with a strong resemblance to human nature, they seek artificial means to increase their attractiveness! Considerable variety in decorative taste is displayed by the several species of these wonderful birds. Each in his own particular way strives to make his courtship bower as attractive as possible to his lady love, who coyly comes to visit him in his splendidly decorated retreat, and which, by the way, we should not forget to state, is not a nest, and is in no direct way connected with the bringing up of the future family. It is sacred to courtship. Gould describes the bowers of the spotted bower bird of Australia as follows: "They are outwardly built of twigs, and beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed that their heads nearly meet; the decorations are very profuse, and consist of bivalve shells, crania of small mammalia and other bones, bleached by exposure to the rays of the sun or from the camp fires of the natives. Evident indications of high instinct are manifest throughout the whole of the bower and decorations formed by this species, particularly in the manner in which the stones are placed within the bower, apparently to keep the grasses with which it is lined fixed firmly in their places. These stones diverge from the mouth of the run on each side, so as to form little paths, while the immense collections of decorative materials are placed in a heap before the entrance of the avenue, the arrangement being the same at both ends. In some of the larger bowers, which had evidently been resorted to for many years, I have seen half a bushel of bones, shells, etc., at each of the entrances. I frequently found these structures at a considerable distance from the rivers, from the borders of which they could alone have procured the shells and small round pebbly stones; their collection and transportation must therefore be a task of great labour."

More marvellous still is the bower of the "gardener" bower bird of New Guinea. This bird builds an elaborate hut-like circular structure, or cabin, at the foot of some large tree. It is about two feet high and three feet in diameter, formed of the stems of orchids, which radiate and slope to the ground from a central support, crowned with a mass of moss, and sheltering a gallery round it. One side of the cabin is left open, and in front of it is

what has been aptly termed the "garden." This consists of a bed of green moss, decorated and bedecked with the most brilliantly coloured berries and flowers, and some six or eight feet in expanse. Marvellous, nay almost incredible, as it may seem, the bird removes the garden ornaments as they wither, casting them into a heap at the back of the premises, and gathering a fresh supply!

Other birds display what we may almost describe as their æsthetic tastes by a series of saltatory movements very closely resembling those indulged in by man. The limits of space will allow of but two or three instances being given. Two of these refer to South American birds. Mr. Hudson, who is responsible for a description of them, writes as follows, in that very entertaining book, "The Naturalist in La Plata": "The singular wattled, wing-spurred, and long-toed jacana has a remarkable performance, which seems specially designed to bring out the concealed beauty of the silky, greenish-golden wing quills. The birds go singly or in pairs, and a dozen or fifteen individuals may be found in a marshy place, feeding within sight of each other. Occasionally, in response to a note of invitation, they all in a moment leave off feeding and fly to one spot, and, forming a close cluster, and emitting short, excited, rapidly repeated notes, display their wings, like beautiful flags grouped loosely together: some hold the wings up vertically and motionless; others, half open and vibrating rapidly, while still others wave them up and down with a slow, measured motion." More wonderful still is the performance of the spur-winged lapwing. This display or dance requires three birds to perform it; and Mr. Hudson says that the birds are so fond of it that they indulge in it all the year round, not only during the day but on moonlight nights. One of a pair of birds suddenly leaves its mate and joins another pair in the immediate neighbourhood, by whom it is received with every manifestation of pleasure. Then the three birds form a procession, the guest walking in front, the host and hostess behind, all keeping step in a rapid march, uttering resonant drumming notes as if keeping time with their movements. It is said that the notes of the two birds walking behind are emitted in a regular stream, like the roll of a drum, but those of the leader are loud single notes uttered at intervals. When the march is over, the visitor, or leading bird, elevates his wings and stands motionless, but still uttering loud cries, while the other two, standing exactly abreast, puff out their plumage, sink their voice to a murmur, and stoop forward and downward as if making a courtly bow. They remain in this singular position for some little time, when the performance being over the visitor retires to his own particular haunt, there to await with his mate a similar visitor from another pair in his turn.

Doubtless some will say that it is the instinct of travellers to impart their own pleasant fancies to the objects they sympathetically watch; yet

the curiosities of nature are more wonderful than any invention of imagination. Again, very curious dances are indulged in by those gaudy South American birds (South America seems to be a land specially favoured by avine dances), the cocks of the rock. Perhaps a score of these birds assemble at some well-recognised trysting place in their haunts. This is usually a bare level bit of ground, the "dancing floor" being kept scrupulously clear of litter. Suddenly one of the assembled male birds hops into the centre of the arena, and goes solemnly through a series of dancing movements, accompanying them with a swaying and nodding of the densely crested head, and an expansion of the wings. This goes on until the bird becomes thoroughly exhausted, like some dancing dervish, when it retires from the ring with a peculiar cry, and its place is at once taken by some other performer, anxious to display his skill in a similar manner.

We fancy our readers by this time must

begin to think that birds are not only consummate masqueraders and humorists, but vain little creatures as well. What we have related, however, is but a tithe of what might have been said concerning this one particular curious instinct of theirs. We might go on to describe the vain display of their wedding finery, the grotesque posturings, bowings, and curtsying, the glances from side to side as if in quest of admiration, or in search of a rival, but we must reluctantly forbear. This we may say, however—it is the male birds alone that are guilty of this vanity; they alone are the possessors of such curious instincts; the females are apparently content passively to view such frivolity on the part of their mates without attempting to aid or abet it. It is also interesting to remark that the method of expressing some of these curious instincts seems to be a natural ebullition of the joy of living.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

II.

THAT Irish wit takes pretty often the form of satire many have come to know. "Satire," said once in my presence an illiterate but witty Irishman, "is wit with her timper up." I have heard other definitions of this form of wit, but none has pleased me so well. To begin with, it made a woman of satire. A woman this, one tells oneself, who wears upon occasion what Disraeli terms in the case of a young girl "a sweet scoff," this dubious phrase, which, it is to be hoped, is used ironically, describing the expression with which the said damsel enters her home under reduced circumstances. Or a woman this, it may be, with the glance of Shakespeare's Beatrice—"Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eye." Or a woman this—might it not be?—like any woman to be met on any day in any part of Ireland, with—bend your ear that the unaccustomed phrase may be said softly to you—*her heart scalded*. Such a woman is in great agony, and her wit, if wit she have, becomes a very bitter sweetening. Her laughter—hers is that open laugh in which there is anger—is that in which the heart is sorrowful; and the beginning of her mirth is that heaviness which, according to the wise king of the East, is sometimes the end of mirth. Such, if one could embody satire in woman's form, would, I think, be seen to be the satire that laughs at us out of the pages of that most English of all Irishmen and most Irish of all Englishmen, Jonathan Swift. It rather laughs than makes us laugh, for we laugh at what is comical, and, as a witty Frenchman has said, "*le méchant n'est jamais comique*." King of satirists, so this Irish Englishman who was Swift has been called.

No one will dispute his title to the name. That on the one hand, and on the other hand, this: few even of the most subservient will bow to his majesty with feelings other than those which must have been felt by the most loyal followers of that Greek who melted his pearls in vinegar and looked about him for applause.

Satire hurts. "What a blow was there given!" says Shakespeare, having recorded a piece of satire, and the gentle and scholarly Cowper does not hesitate to use the word "banged" for satirised.

The language of this woman "with her timper up" is rude. He flatters her who calls her "*la belle dame sans merci*." Her mercilessness has made havoc of her beauty, and she has the rude, foolish speech of the spoilt child. She whispers to Carlyle to say of Charles Lamb that he is a "pitiful tomfool," and the great Scotch humorist does not take shame to himself to put these words on paper.

Some may ask—Is there no such thing as gentle satire in green Erin? *There is*. Some samples of it shall be given here. An English artist said to an Irishwoman in a London drawing-room some time ago that he had heard that an Irish jaunting car was a thing that could not be drawn. "Why, any horse can draw it," replied the Irishwoman, with well-assumed non-comprehension. The artist winced. The following scape of wit had its sharpness, yet it did not come from what Shakespeare has called "a tongue with a tang." A little Irish girl was by her somewhat vehement mother, who was dressing her and who, wearied of tying the numerous bands and ribbons which

fasten the dress of little girls, made the subject of the common wail—

"Why weren't you a boy!"

"Why weren't you—a boy?" retorted the offended little daughter. This bit of gentle satire pleased the Irish mother well.

Satire in Ireland of to-day, as in England of to-day, is probably less unkind than it used to be. It has a higher conception of what in the Irish home of my childhood used to be called "fairity"¹ [fairness]. How low the standard of "fairity" must have been in these islands in the Tudor heyday may be gathered from the fact that a gentleman reputed so manly and gentle as Sir Philip Sidney could pen such words as these:

"Delight hath a joy in it, either permanent or present. Laughter hath only a scornful tickling.

"For example, we are ravished with delight to see a faire woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter. We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly we cannot delight."

"We laugh at deformed creatures——" Who among us does this? Sir Philip Sidney sins almost as direfully in writing those words as he sins in placing Ireland between "Turkey" and "the most barbarous and simple Indians" in a sentence the phrasing of which is as questionable as the sentiment of it is discourteous.

We have certainly most of us ceased to laugh at deformed creatures, as we have, some of us, ceased to laugh at persons in any way afflicted; the truth being that he who to-day would laugh at a cripple, or at one blind or dumb, would rouse indignation in any British land. There is an analogous case which does not rouse the indignation which it ought to rouse. It is the case which gave rise to the following bit of oratory which I give as taken down from the lips of an Irish—stammerer:

"Who ever ridicules the dumb, and why ridicule the nearly dumb, the stuttering, the stammering? It's a worse meanness, and its results are worse. If you want to know why, this is why. Because no mocker in the world—mind you, not one at all!—can make a dumb man more dumb, but any child with a pin's point to his tongue can make a stammerer stammer more. That's why."

All this was not said without great difficulty, but all this was said.

Irish kindness is too well known for it to be needful to say much about it here. What man under the sun but an Irishman says to his horses, "Whoo! my darlin's!" who but he sings of "smiling potatoes"? Not his the humour of Launcelot. "Mirthful he, but in a stately kind," says Tennyson. Pat is mirthful in a quite unstately kind. He puts his wit about anything and everything, and his wit is mostly a very sweet thing compounded of a little balm, a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds. In his rich feelings the

Irishman has in him something of the Oriental to whom these things seem good. Even lifeless things are by him invested with a certain animation. "Books," wrote Milton, "are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are."

On this passage I heard an Irishman once comment in the words:

"So they do. I have shaken hands with a good book, and it is the very next best thing to shaking hands with the good author of it."

Courtesy, which, after all, is only kindness in court-dress, causes a grammarian of Ireland to give in illustration of the fact that "the names of offices, employments, and the like, peculiar to men, are masculine," these words among others: *coward, thief*. There may be the Englishman living or dead who has set down in print that "the office," if one may so call it, of coward and thief is "peculiar to men," but I have never come across him.

All the talk of Ireland's wits is not merry, though, if only by the newness of its phrasing, it is mostly calculated to arouse a smile. The following on life supplies a case in point. The speaker was a gentlewoman, by whom life had dealt a little hardly. "I believe," she said, smiling, "there is in every career a day when fate comes forward with hands behind her back, and says: 'Handy-pandy, sugary candy! Which hand will you have?' It stands to reason that not everyone gets the sugary candy."

The following answer was given by one who had what is called by Irish folk "a pretty tongue."

"Is it cold?" was asked.

"It is. All the sun has gone out, and left the sky in ashes."

Here is a "quirk of epigram" in the form of a paradox. An old Irish gentleman objected recently to what he called the *refined vulgarity* of a young Irish gentleman.

The strong religious feeling in Ireland not seldom finds expression in witty language. Said an Irish Protestant to a Roman Catholic, as they stood together in what is called in Ireland a chapel²: "Man, your plan is on the face of it absurd. You shut out all God's light from your churches"—this with a glance at the richly painted windows—"and set them ablaze with man's light." The Protestant here pointed to the altar with its many candles.

The *lapsus linguae* of Irishmen are considered to be peculiarly comical, and comical enough they often are. That much that passes for *lapsus linguae* is, however, deliberate joking is indubitable. I once heard an Irishman describe in detail "St. Patrick's Needle on the Tims" (Thames). There is not a shadow of doubt in my mind that this Irishman wittingly changed Cleopatra to St. Patrick. Nowhere more than in Ireland does what Oliver Wendell Holmes

¹ I do not know if this word was or is used by other Irish children. In the home to which I refer any cowardly action was met by the exclamation, "Fairity! Fairity!"

² Is there any reader of this who does not know that the word Chapel is in Ireland applied to a place where Roman Catholics worship?

has called "a jocular intention" meet with appreciation, while it very rarely makes a dupe of anyone. One Irishman mostly understands another, even though he may pretend that he does not. The same is true of one Irishwoman and another Irishwoman. Here is a case in which the pretence at non-comprehension was intended to carry off stress at heart.

"Your mother"—a visitor spoke to an Irish girl about to marry a man who lived at some distance from her home—"will miss you when you're married."

"No"—the girl glanced at her mother, tears as near to her own eyes as they were to those of the older woman—"then she'll 'Mrs.' me."

A spark of wit kindles laughter, and it is an old Irish belief that there is nothing like laughter for keeping back tears. That spark of wit made dim eyes brighten.

This on biography comes new from county Dublin; the writer is a woman:

"A biography is a *post-mortem* examination, and only a thoroughly qualified person should be allowed to make it. When I am in Parliament my great Reform Bill shall deal with this matter among others."

The following strikes a deeper note:

"I thought the Irish," said an Englishman lately, "could extract sunbeams from cucumbers. I find that many of them cannot do this."

"I think, if you will look deeper," came the comment on that from an Irishman, "you will find that those are the Irish who—haven't got cucumbers."

To the absence of Irish magazines of the literary excellence of many of those published in Scotland, and tending, as one doubts not,

to bias opinion, is perhaps due in a measure the large and free expression in Ireland of individual opinion on literary subjects. I once asked an Irishwoman, a musician, if she had read a certain article on the poet Whitman which had appeared in a much-read review, and had created some talk. "No," came the prompt answer, "but I know Whitman's work."

"What do you think of it?"

A grimace; then this answer:

"Too much brass and percussion."

The notable reviewer had said something to the same effect, but had said it less succinctly.

The same speaker summed up the case of a witty woman of her acquaintance in the words: "All her wit is heart-break putting on a smile."

Perhaps much wit, if proper investigation were made, would be found to be that.

Irony is a form of wit which is too common among the Irish, as it is among all Celtic peoples. How over-fond even so great a writer as Burke was of irony has been often pointed out. It led him to write of books which he deemed not worth reading as "charitably read," and led him to use the phrase "when least diminished" where a less Irish Englishman would have used the phrase *viewed at its greatest*.

In conclusion, this: "I can be very serious," wrote the witty poet Heine, "if it is absolutely necessary." Perhaps there has never been an Irishman whose case has not been that of Heine. That, on the other hand, as a nation, the Irish are very merry is certainly best accounted for by the circumstance that it is absolutely necessary, for

"A merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad tires in a mile-a!"

ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

A Winter's Tale.

"GIVE me a crown," the beech tree said,
"My leaves are dry and brown;
The spring is past, the summer fled—
Give me a silver crown!"

"There are no flowers about my feet,
The world is chill and grey;
Beneath my boughs no lovers meet,
No merry children play.

"Oh, angel of the winter night,
Come thou in silence down!
Come in the starlight cold and bright,
And bring my silver crown."

Among the stars the angel heard;
His shining wings descend
So softly that no leaf is stirred,
No slender branches bend.

And when the morn rose, dimly bright,
On hill and forest hoar,
A silver crown of frozen light
That happy beech tree wore.

The birds awoke among the pines
To sing their morning song;
"See how the noble beech tree shines!"
They carolled, sweet and strong.

Who sighs for summer days gone by?
Who cares that leaves are brown,
If he can lift his head on high,
Crowned with a silver crown?

SARAH DOUDNEY.

AUSTRALIAN SKETCHES.

POLITICS AND PUBLIC MEN.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE, FROM BOTANICAL GARDENS.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE entitled his interesting book on the United States "Triumphant Democracy." The Australasian Colonies, though forming part of the monarchical system of the British Empire, are in some respects even more thoroughly democratic than the American Republic. Manhood suffrage is the rule in all of them, qualified by slightly varying conditions of length of residence in the particular colony; while for the past three years in South Australia, and four years in New Zealand, the franchise has been extended to women also.

In each colony there are two Houses of Parliament. The Upper House is called the Legislative Council. The Lower House is called the Legislative Assembly in every colony but New Zealand, where it bears the name of the House of Representatives. The members are therefore distinguished according to the House to which they belong, as M.L.C., M.L.A., or M.H.R.

The following table will indicate the number of members in the different Legislative Councils, the method of their appointment, and the length of their tenure of office.

—	No. of members	Mode of appointment	Term of office
New South Wales	71	Nominated by the Governor in Council	—
New Zealand	47	By the Crown	Life
Queensland	39	By the Crown	Life
South Australia	24	Elected	Nine years: eight of the 24 retire every three years
Tasmania	18	Elected	Six years
Victoria	48	Elected	Six years: one-third of the members retiring every two years
Western Australia	21	—	—

Where the Upper House is elective, as in the case of Victoria and Tasmania, a property qualification is required for electors. The property qualification in Victoria is £25 per annum rateable value if derived from leasehold or occupation of rented property, or £10 if derived from freehold. In Tasmania the qualification is somewhat higher. In both colonies the property qualification is dispensed with in the case of university graduates, medical practitioners, lawyers, and—in Victoria—ministers of religion and schoolmasters.

The following table gives the number of members of the Lower House (Legislative Assembly or House of Representatives) in each colony:

—	No. of members	Duration of Assembly
New South Wales	141	Three years
New Zealand	74	" "
Queensland	72	Five years
South Australia	54	Three years
Tasmania	37	" "
Victoria	95	" "
Western Australia	30	—

The procedure of these Parliaments is, I need hardly say, moulded in accordance with the British model. I was a frequent visitor to the Legislative Assembly in Melbourne, and found the debates quite as interesting as at Westminster, and the average level of parliamentary oratory quite as high. The Labour representatives are usually more numerous, proportionately, than in the House of Commons, and many of them are men of marked ability. They have received a good training in the Trades Hall, the Council of which is a small Parliament in itself.

The Australian working man is supposed to be antagonistic to the churches and to ministers of religion. This is a generalisation which the facts do not warrant. Shortly after entering on the pastorate of a church in Melbourne, the bulk of whose members belonged to the working class, I was present at a meeting of the Trades Hall Council. I went simply as a spectator with one of the members of the Council who attended my church. To my great surprise I was formally introduced to the Council, the members rising to receive me, and was accommodated with a chair on the left hand of the President, where I sat during an interesting discussion. The chief topic was a

strike which had been proposed in one of the trades. The representatives of the particular trade were heard, and then the leaders of the Council gave their advice. I was struck with the moderation and caution of the counsels given, notably by Mr. Trenwith, the leader of the Labour Party in the Legislative Assembly. After the "orders of the day" were disposed of, the President intimated that the Council would be glad to hear a few words from their visitor of the evening. I took the opportunity of expressing my gratification with the moderation displayed, and tried to point out that the interests of employers and employed are really identical. The Trades Hall may have made mistakes, but it has done good service in the interests of the working man. And where your working classes are prosperous, you are likely to find that all classes reap the benefit.

Woman's Suffrage.

It is too soon yet to speak decisively of the results of Woman's Suffrage as far as it has been tried in the Australasian Colonies. In New Zealand the first election under the extended franchise took place in December 1893. During the following year I happened to be in Dunedin, and obtained from ten prominent residents in that city their opinion of its working, so far as it had gone. These residents represented all shades of politics, from the most extreme Conservative to the most advanced Radical. Yet, with one exception, they expressed their satisfaction—in most cases their hearty gratification—at the results of Woman's Suffrage.

The first result which was generally admitted was an *improvement in the orderliness of the election and election meetings*. Mr. Hutchinson, who has been for twenty years in Parliamentary life in New Zealand, said: "There never were such order and decorum. There was less drunkenness, too. No public-house expenses were paid this time."

The second result was that *more attention was paid to the character of members elected*. On this point opinion was not quite so unanimous. Sir Robert Stout said: "I believe that, as a rule, the women of all classes looked to character in our political representatives, and this, I believe, will be the great and abiding gain of Woman's Suffrage." The Rev. Dr. Waddell, editor of the "Christian Outlook," is of the same opinion. The Hon. W. H. Reynolds, M.L.C., who has had forty-one years' consecutive Parliamentary experience, said: "I consider that the conservative nature of woman would tend to secure by her vote more honest and capable representatives, men of integrity and principle." Mrs. Hatton, President of the Woman's Franchise League of New Zealand, said: "Women are certain to put character in the foreground."

Over against these opinions, however, we must set the opinion of some others. Mr. Allen, M.H.R., who is a Cambridge University man, and Mr. A. C. Begg, a resident of Dunedin for thirty-five years, though both in



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE.

favour of Woman's Suffrage, think that there is a danger that women may vote for undesirable candidates, if only such men are willing to adopt the temperance platform, for example. Professor Dunlop, of the Presbyterian Theological Hall, said: "The experience of New Zealand, so far as it has gone, does not tend to sustain the contention that the female vote will tend to make high moral character an essential of our legislators."

Other results which were generally admitted were that *woman's influence had advanced the cause of moral and social reform, and had gone in favour of prohibition legislation on the liquor question.* Professor Dunlop, however, who is opposed to woman's suffrage, says that "the same temper which makes women, as a whole, ardent prohibitionists, will lead them to favour those drastic forms of legislation which, at the present moment, are a serious danger to liberty."

The Hon. Downie Stewart, M.L.C., thinks that, as a general result of woman's suffrage, "our future legislation and the administration of our public affairs will be purer and better than they have been in the past."

It must be remembered, however, that the colonies are not burdened with the claims of traditional legislation; that there are not foreign complications of any great extent; and that the population affected by colonial legislation is relatively much smaller than that of European countries.

Protection, as opposed to free trade, is the rule in the Australasian Colonies, though with considerable variations. New South Wales of late years

has advanced most in the direction of free trade, though there is still a protective tariff. Its duties are chiefly *ad valorem*. In Victoria the import duties are very high. In 1893 they amounted to 38 per cent. of the value of the imports subject to duty, and to 12 per cent. of the total value of imports. In South Australia the duty varies from 15 to 25 per cent. on a large number of imports. There are also *ad valorem* duties on certain specified goods. In Queensland there are a good many free imports, but there are duties varying from 5 to 15 per cent., besides some *ad valorem* duties. In Western Australia the duties vary from 5 to 20 per cent., while in New Zealand they are 15 and 20 per cent., and partly *ad valorem*. These figures are given for 1896.

The question of Free Trade *v.* Protection is largely the dividing line between the political parties. In Victoria, for example, what may be called the Conservative party, consisting of the wealthier classes, and represented by the "Argus" newspaper, is on the side of free trade. The democratic or Liberal party, consisting chiefly of the working classes, and represented by the "Age" newspaper, is strongly protectionist.

There can be no doubt, I think, that in the new "Commonwealth of Australia" the present dominant system of protection will, at least, be greatly modified. When the union of the colonies is accomplished, inter-colonial free trade will certainly be established, and we shall no longer have the absurdity and inconvenience of compelling travellers from Sydney to Melbourne to have their luggage examined by the Customs officers at Albury, very much as if a

traveller from London to Edinburgh were to have his luggage examined at Carlisle or Newcastle.

Federations.

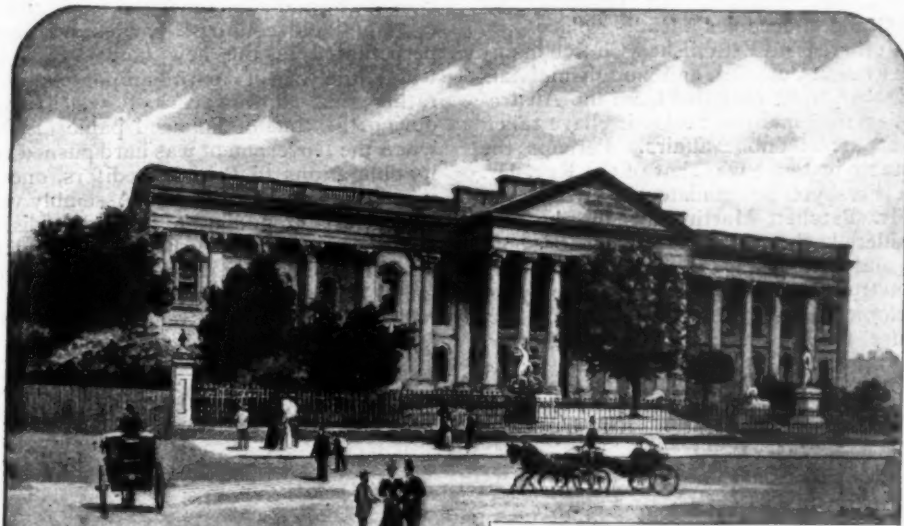
In the proceedings of the Federal Convention, which met at Adelaide in 1896, a long step has been taken in the direction of a federated Australia, Queensland being the only Australian colony that was unrepresented at the Convention. The proposals of the Convention have still to be considered in detail by the Parliaments of the respective colonies, but there is good reason to expect that, in the main, they will be adopted.

On one point the action of the Convention is greatly to be regretted. Petitions were sent in from New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, signed by many thousands, praying that the authority of the Deity should be recognised in the preamble of the new Constitution, and that provision should be made for the sessions of the Parliament to be opened with prayer. But the Convention negatived a proposition to insert the words "under Divine guidance."

is thrown upon the origin and reasons of the exclusion of prayer from the opening of Parliament in New South Wales in the "Life of the late Lord Sherbrooke."

The subject was introduced in the Legislative Council of New South Wales in 1844 by Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Cowper, who moved "That public prayers to Almighty God be offered up daily at the opening of this Council, as soon as the Speaker shall have taken the chair; and that a chaplain, who shall be a clergyman of the Church of England, be appointed by the Speaker to perform this duty." The Anglican part of this proposal was objected to by Dr. Lang and others. Mr. Robert Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke) thought that the words "clergyman of the Church of England" might be omitted; although he did not anticipate a time when the members of that Church would be in a minority in the Council. He thought the appointment might be left in the hands of the Speaker.

Despite the fact, however, that two-thirds of the Council belonged, like Mr. Cowper, to the Anglican communion, his motion was lost. And



PUBLIC LIBRARY, MELBOURNE

It is said that this very secular position taken up by the Convention is due to the action of Cardinal Moran in seeking election as a member of the Federal Convention, and that its members were afraid of clerical interference. It is to be hoped that even yet the Christian people of the colonies may show themselves strong enough to get some recognition of religion in the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

Prayer is unknown in most of the Australian Parliaments. In Melbourne, the Legislative Council is opened with a prayer by the President, but there is no prayer in the Legislative Assembly. An interesting and instructive light

thus, as Mr. Patchett Martin, the biographer of Lord Sherbrooke, truly says, "the question was settled in what may be termed an agnostic spirit through the irreconcilable views of avowedly religious persons, each of whom would have his own form of prayer or none at all."

In the brief history of the Australasian Colonies many public men have shown statesmanship of a high order. The ability and wisdom of such men have not only reflected honour upon themselves and upon the colonies, but have also been the best security for the unity of the

Public Men in the Colonies.

British Empire. Among the public men of New South Wales have been, and are, such men as Sir Alfred Stephen, Sir James Martin, Sir Henry Parkes, Dr. Lang, Sir Saul Samuel, Mr. Dalley, Sir Frederick Darley, Mr. Barton, and Mr. G. H. Reid, the present Premier. Victoria has had its Chief Justice Higinbotham, Sir John O'Shanassy, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Mr. Francis Ormond, Sir Redmond Barry, Sir James McBain, and Sir James Patterson, and has still many men of mark, among them being Sir George Turner, the present Premier, Chief Justice Madden, Mr. Deakin, and Mr. Shiels. In South Australia there have been men like Mr. George Fife Angas and Sir Thomas Elder; while Sir John Colton, Chief Justice Way, and the present Premier, Mr. Kingston, maintain the reputation of that colony. Foremost among the public men of Queensland stand Sir Samuel Griffith, Sir Thomas McIlwraith, and Sir Hugh Nelson; while in Western Australia the most prominent name is that of Sir John Forrest. New Zealand has had a remarkable number of able men at the head of its affairs, such as Sir George Grey, Sir Julius Vogel, Mr. Ballance, Sir Robert Stout, and Mr. Seddon. In Tasmania Sir Edward Braddon occupies a leading place.

Though there is no Established Church in any of the Australian Colonies, and though ministers of religion are now excluded from the Australian Parliaments, many ecclesiastics have taken an active part in public affairs. Perhaps the most notable instance was that of the Rev. Dr. Lang, a Presbyterian minister in Sydney, of whom Mr. Patchett Martin says that he may be considered the political parent of both Victoria and Queensland, inasmuch as he was mainly instrumental in achieving autonomy for those colonies. As Bishop of Melbourne, Dr. Moorhouse, the present Bishop of Manchester, entered vigorously into public questions, and

his name is still honoured in Melbourne as a fearless champion of Christian truth. The Rev. Dr. Bevan, of the Independent Church, Melbourne, has been an enthusiastic promoter of Australian Federation. Professors Rentoul and Harper, of Ormond College, Melbourne University, are chiefly notable for their advocacy of Scripture education in State schools, and Professor Harper, in a recent pamphlet, "Australia without God," has severely criticised the action of the Federal Convention in refusing to insert in the Constitution any acknowledgment of the Almighty. The Roman Catholic Church has two ever-watchful representatives in Cardinal Moran of Sydney and Archbishop Carr of Melbourne, the former—as mentioned above—having made a strong but unsuccessful effort to be elected a member of the Federal Convention.

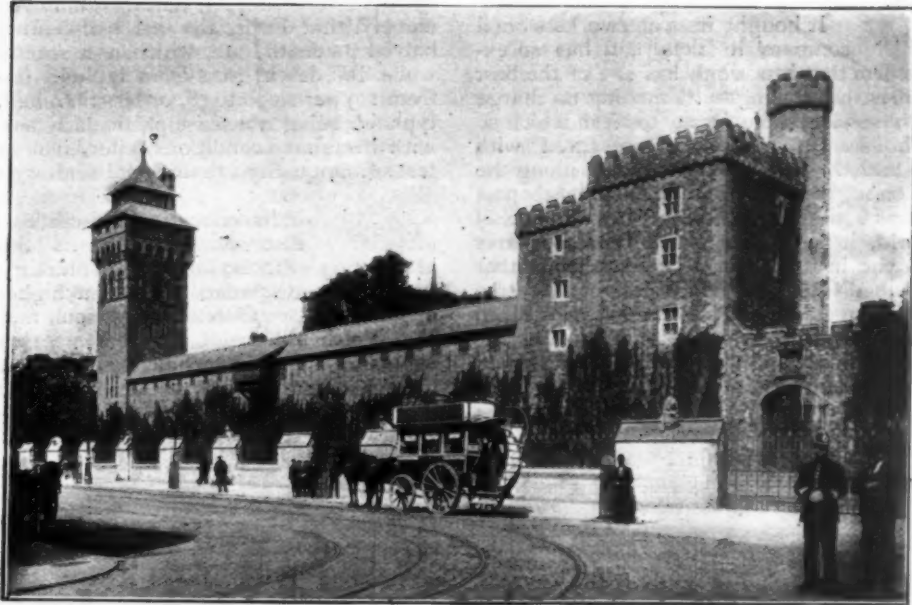
Politics in Australia are very much like politics in other English-speaking countries. There have been, no doubt, cases of log-rolling. Personal influence has sometimes interfered unworthily, as, for example, in matters of railway administration. Party feeling occasionally runs high, and sometimes the feuds and battle-cries of "old country" parties are needlessly perpetuated in the new land. But, on the whole, the tone of Australian politics is upward rather than downward. I well remember, during the time of financial panic in Victoria, when the Government was hard pushed to meet its obligations to British creditors, one erratic member of the Legislative Assembly ventured to suggest "repudiation." But his dishonourable suggestion was vehemently repudiated by his fellow-members, and I do not think he found a single supporter. British honour is still, and is likely to remain, the dominating force in Australian public life.

C. H. IRWIN.



SUBURBAN VILLA, MELBOURNE.

CARDIFF.



CARDIFF CASTLE.

From a photograph by A. Freke, Cardiff.

CARDIFF is so associated with coals that it is difficult to imagine it with other than the characteristics of a coal port on a large scale; and yet, as he who goes thither will find to his surprise, you may wander about Cardiff for hours without seeing any trace of coal whatever.

South of the railway are the docks and shipping, the coal and smoke, the steel works and copper works, the shabby shops and lodging-houses with their names and notices in all the maritime tongues of Europe, from Russian and Swedish round to Greek. Here is the port, in fact, as all ports are, looking as if the people rise so early that they are tired out before it is time to smarten the place up. But this is a very small part of Cardiff.

North of the railway is one of the cleanest and brightest towns in Britain, a singularly spacious and cheerful assemblage of handsome shops and comfortable residences with healthy surroundings. Some of the streets are over sixty feet wide, none of the new ones are less than forty, and the ground landlord, the Marquess of Bute, insists on every dwelling-house, however small, having a forecourt, which has to be kept in decent order, while every here and there, where the roads fork or other opportunity offers, is a small public garden, properly planted and looked after, which during most of the year is gay with flowers.

Besides three parks in private ownership thrown open to the public, Cardiff has, scattered through it and about it, seventeen other parks and open spaces, occupying altogether about a hundred and fifty acres, and the Corporation are now buying two more parks, one of seventy acres, and one of sixty. The latter is in the very heart of the borough, and within it are to come the new Town Hall and Law Courts, on a site that is without a rival. This idea of placing the chief public buildings, like a millionaire's mansion, in a park, retaining the avenues and using up only the centre of the greensward, will give Cardiff a distinctive feature that all will appreciate.

Growth. The steady growth of the place has become a proverb. It is now

shipping sixteen million tons of coal a year, and for every additional million tons it ships the population increases ten thousand. In 1840 its letters were delivered from one small office by one small postwoman: its post office now employs close on a thousand people and delivers over seventy thousand letters a day, besides dealing daily, inwards and outwards, with some fourteen thousand telegrams.

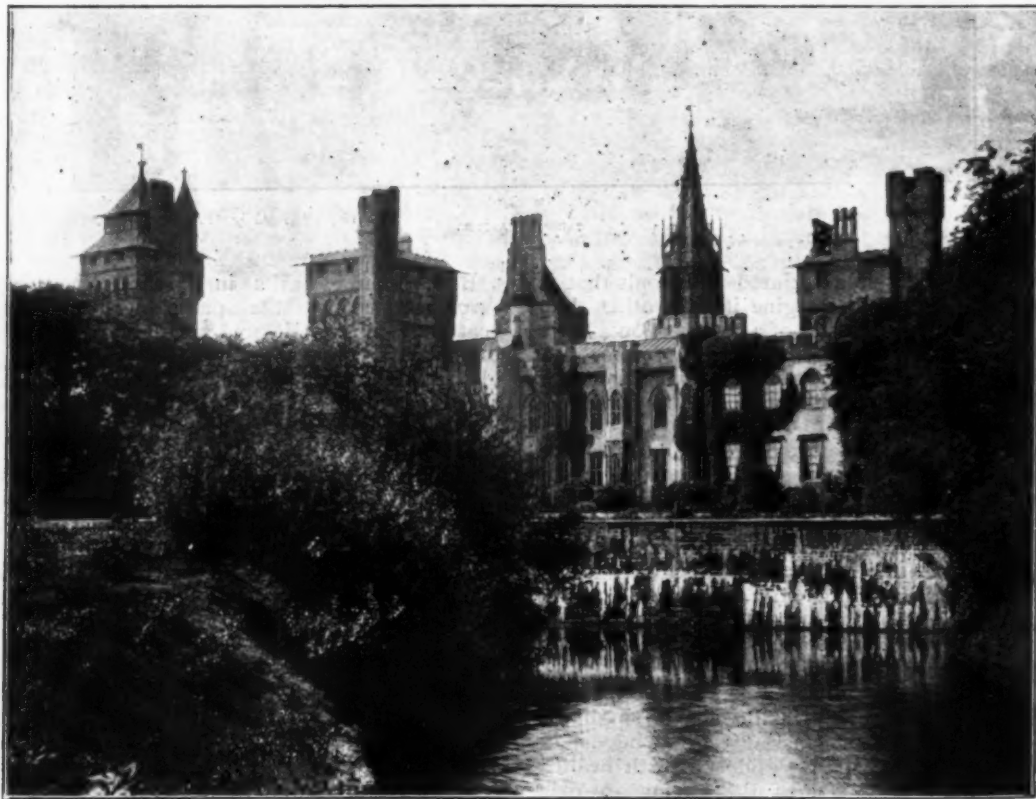
The population, which was a thousand in 1801, is now one hundred and seventy times as many. During the last seven years Cardiff has made one hundred and seventy streets and built eight

thousand houses, in addition to forty-seven places of worship and a score of schools. In 1824 its rateable value, now over a million, was under £7,000; and since 1875 its capital expenditure on public works, bridges, and other improvements has exceeded two millions, while many more improvements have been paid for out of the rates.

It bought its waterworks from a company in 1879, and has so extended them that it not only has one of the best of supplies, but, owing to its making no charge for bath service, there is no town in which so many houses in proportion are fitted with private baths. Its sanitary work all along the line is among the very best. As a large port with ships continually arriving from all parts of the world, it has taken exceptional measures against the introduction of cholera and other infectious diseases. Five miles out in the Bristol Channel is Flat Holm Island with Steep Holm not far off, to which Githa fled after the battle of Hastings, and the only spot in Britain where the pæony is indigenous. Cardiff has

Besides its excellent infirmary it has, on Ely Common, a sanatorium that will cost £80,000, occupying some twelve acres, and containing a complete isolation hospital for infectious maladies. In what may be called the more domestic matters its arrangements are equally up to date, and it boasts of one fact which speaks volumes for its sanitary administration—namely, that during the last half-century it has halved its death rate, which now stands at 16, while its death rate from typhoid has sunk from 1·9 per 1,000 to ·8, or less than half. And typhoid, being a disease particularly associated with insanitary conditions, affords an excellent test of the quality of municipal sanitary work.

In educational facilities Cardiff also excels. In its thirty-five elementary schools, board and voluntary, it has nearly 30,000 scholars; it has a higher grade school and a pupil teachers' school, and under the Welsh Education Act it has intermediate schools. It has a technical school with over 2,000 students, and it has its successful



CARDIFF CASTLE, EAST FRONT.

From a photograph by A. Freke, Cardiff.

taken Flat Holm and thereon built a hospital to which all persons suffering from cholera, yellow fever, or plague within the port are taken, and near the hospital is a crematorium wherein all those dying of such and similar diseases are burnt to ashes.

University College with its nine departments, all thriving and increasing, and so working in with the other educational agencies that the ladder from the lowest to the highest, of which we hear so much, is practically complete. This college, on which £112,000 has already been

spent, will some day be housed in new buildings in the park. Its library of over 25,000 volumes contains the finest collection of Welsh printed literature in existence.

Cardiff is fortunate in its libraries. Its Free Library has not only the best public building in the borough, but one of the best library buildings in the country, and the most is made of it. Among many things testifying to the enlightenment and ability with which it is managed is a noteworthy notion of inviting to the library the working men of the town in parties of about forty at a time, all of one trade, and exhibiting to them such technical books as are likely to help them on in their daily work, giving them printed lists of such books to take away with them. This series of demonstrations, as it were, has been further extended by bringing similar parties of the elder children from the schools, and explaining to them the history of a book, and other matters likely to lead them on to take an interest in the library and make good use of it as a means of further education when they start out in the world. Such a system as this can only work for good, and might with advantage be introduced elsewhere. Its effects are shown not only in the increase in the number of readers, but in the increasing demand for scientific books and what is often called solid literature—fiction of all kinds, including juvenile story books, only amounting to half of the 220,000 volumes issued annually at Cardiff.

Temporarily housed under the same roof, pending the erection of new buildings shortly to be commenced in the park, are the Museum and Art Gallery. Of the Art Gallery the gem is Vicat Cole's magnificent "Noon on the Surrey Hills," presented by Sir Edward Reed, though the Menelaus collection contains a few examples of note. In the Museum the most striking things are the collection of local birds, and that of old local views, dealing with the town before its great awakening.

History.

That Cardiff was a Roman settlement is now certain, considerable Roman remains having from time to time been discovered. Not long ago, in digging the foundations for a foot-bridge across a road running between the castle and his gardens, the Marquess of Bute came upon the remains of a Norman wall built upon a Roman wall. These he excavated, and to preserve them he has built another wall with arches over the ancient portions so as not to hide them, and this wall is of three different sorts of masonry so as to show the three stages, Roman, Norman, and Modern, of Cardiff's history.

Across the road in the gardens another accidental excavation led to the discovery of all that is left of the Grey Friars' convent which Owen Glendower spared "for the love he bore the Order" when he sacked Cardiff in 1404. These ruins have all been exposed to view, and on the old foundations the Marquess has built

a double dwarf wall of glazed bricks, one brick thick, the space all along between being filled to the surface with garden mould, in which flowers are to be planted, so that in the summer-time the ground plan of the convent will be outlined in bloom. Further away in the park is all that is left of the monastery of Black Friars, which is to be treated in similar fashion.

This gifted landlord leaves the impress of his individuality on all he undertakes. The castle he has restored and adapted until it is one of the noblest of our country residences. Externally, the handsome clock tower, the curtain wall with its embrasures closed by hatches and surmounted by the wooden roof covering the parapet as in the days of old, the dwarf wall along the street front with the sculptured animals clambering over it, are all noteworthy, while such thoroughly honest artistic work as beautifies the interior is of the rarest. It is quite out of the common to meet with complete schemes of harmonious decoration like those afforded by the Chaucer room, the Moorish room, and the library, and, on a larger scale, the banqueting hall with its frescoes of the history of Robert, Duke of Gloucester, with whose career the castle is so intimately connected.

One might enlarge for many pages on the story of the castle and its legends. There was the conquest, for instance, when Einion ap Collwyn, who had brought over Robert Fitzhamon, the Red King's cousin, to defeat the Tudor, was denied his reward by his uncle Iestyn, and, hastening to the beach at Penarth, let his cloak fly in the wind as a signal of recall to the departing Normans who lay in the roads waiting for a favourable breeze. They returned, and on the heath by Cardiff's northern boundary won him the hand of his lady love, but possessed themselves of the Vale of Glamorgan, and built the castle on the site of the old Roman fort. Fitzhamon had no sons, but in time his eldest daughter came to marry King Henry's child by the very lady who had caused the mischief, the King acting as his son's suitor. "I will not marry a man who has not two names," said the fair Mabel. "Then Robert shall have two; I call him henceforth Robert le Fitz Roy." "That, sire, is a fair name and of great repute as long as he liveth. But what shall his son's be? Perchance he may come to have no name." "Damsel, thou hast reason," said the King, "his name shall be Robert, Earl of Gloucester; he and his heirs shall be Earls of Gloucester." And thus the King made him that Earl of Gloucester who was the patron of William of Malmesbury and Geoffrey of Monmouth, and became so prominent in Stephen's days as a partisan of Matilda. In his possession and in that of his descendants to the tenth generation the castle remained, until the Duke of Gloucester who became Richard III married Ann Nevill, who built the tower of St. John's, the only church in Cardiff which has a history, and



From a photograph by

ROATH DOCK FROM PONTOON.

Friss, Green, Simpson & Co., Bath.

which is distinguished from most churches by having a baptistery alongside the font.

Somewhere in the castle, though not in the tower that bears his name, and was built years after his death, lived that difficult personage Robert of Normandy. Writers differ as to whether he was a close prisoner, or a sort of first-class misdemeanant with an occasional holiday at Devizes and elsewhere. Some, in fact, have him blinded, while others make him die here in the sulks at finding, from a few stitches broken in a cap, that it had previously been tried on by his brother. "Doth my brother make me his bedeman, in that he sendeth me his cast clothes? Then have I lyved too longe!" And therewith Robert went to bed, ate no more, drank no more, and died—probably in the keep which, now ruined and clad with ivy, stands broad and strong on its ancient mound.

The old town grew up around the castle, and remained for centuries of no particular importance, though it began to return members to Parliament in 1542. It seems almost ludicrous to find it at the Restoration complaining of the prosperity of its rival Caerphilly, which then had markets or fairs every three weeks. Caerphilly, known to-day only by its castle with the leaning tower, and by its being the destined site of the Rhymney Railway works, was not out-distanced for many years. A century ago an old directory, quoted in Ballinger's "Cardiff," gives Cardiff as containing nine gentry, four medical men and five lawyers, the few tradesmen mentioned being of the jack-of-two-trades order, such as "dealer in earthenware and tailor," "linen-weaver and serjeant-major," "pedlar and fishmonger," "baker and mason," "tailor and soap-boiler"—a sufficient indication of the character of the place as a minor fishing port.

The New Era. Such was the state of affairs while the Crawshays of Cyfarthfa were making the Glamorganshire Canal, which was opened in 1798, to take the place of the

strings of mules that used to bring the coal down on their backs to the little coasting craft at the wharf on the Taff. This really remarkable engineering work, descending some 520 ft. through 50 locks in its course from Merthyr 25 miles away, may now appear insignificant; but it began the modern era of South Wales. Cardiff thereupon increased its exports of iron and coal; the population grew with the growth of trade, and in the fortieth year after the opening of the first dock just exceeded the ten thousand.

In course of time the canal became gorged with traffic and unequal to the demands upon it. The wharves were insufficient and vessels had to be loaded in the open roadstead from barges and boats. The second Marquess of Bute, then owner of the castle, saw his opportunity to "make Cardiff a second Liverpool" by giving it a system of docks to which a railway could bring the minerals from the hills. It was a far-sighted scheme carried through with wonderful persistence in face of great difficulties. The Marquess staked his fortune on it, mortgaging even his English estates to provide the funds. Dock-making is slow and anxious work; what it was like then can be imagined from the tons and tons of material now being shot into the mud where the new South Dock is to come. No wonder that the projector was warned again and again that he was merely throwing his wealth into the water. Fortunately his financial abilities and facilities proved equal to the strain, and the first stage of the work was accomplished by the opening of the West Bute Dock in 1839. But success was not immediate; it was not until the Taff Vale Railway began operations in 1841 that the trade of the port rose, and since then Cardiff has not looked back.

The Docks. When he died in 1848, leaving his only child, the present Marquess, but six months old, the West Dock was becoming inadequate in its accommodation, and an extension was already in prospect. The East

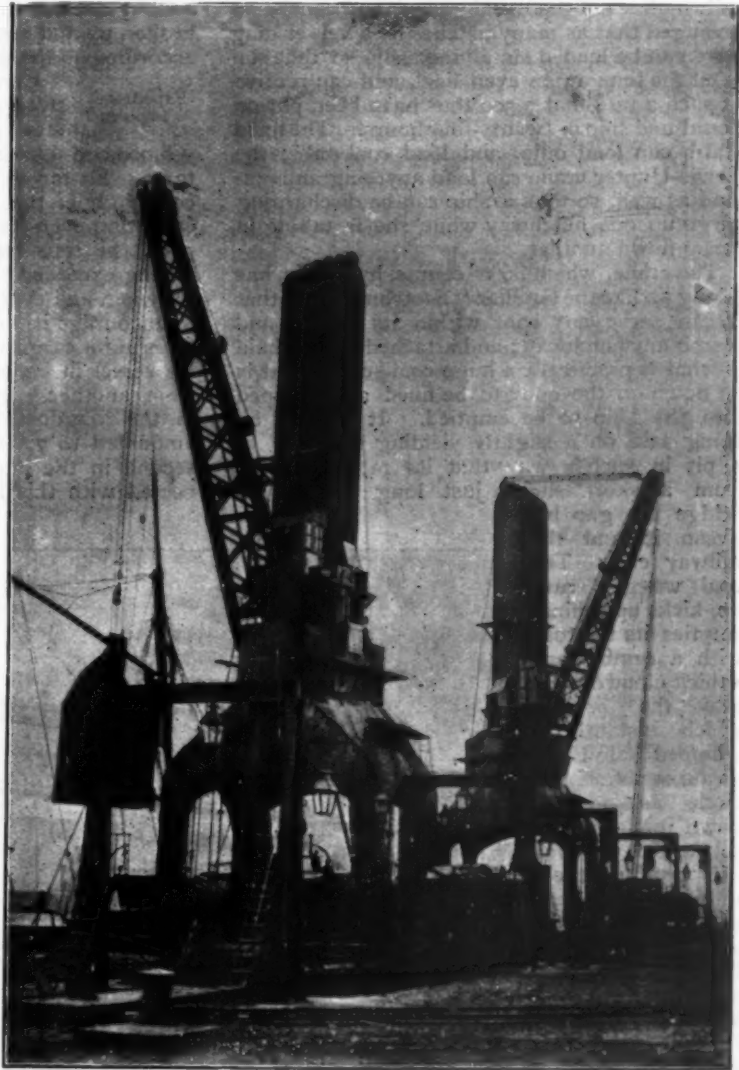
Dock was constructed by his trustees without Parliamentary powers, for Cardiff has not been fortunate in its applications to Parliament. Before it was completed the Rhymney Railway was opened, and in a few years the increased trade led to the construction of the Roath Dock, opened in 1874. Two years afterwards the property was taken over by the Bute Docks Company, which in 1897 became the Cardiff Railway Company, under whom the South Dock is now being made.

This enormous dock, 650 ft. wide and 2,570 ft. long, will have its entrance lock 700 ft. long, farther out in the Channel than Penarth Head, with a sufficient depth of water over the sill to admit vessels at practically all stages of the tide. At present it is a great expanse of mud edged by an embankment, along which trainloads of slag from the hills are travelling, to be shot truck-load by truck-load and leave no trace next morning. This state of things has its limits of course, and in places it must have reached these limits now, or there would be no embankment, but it will be easily understood what an apparently everlasting job this tipping of slag must be on a muddy bottom such as that of the Bristol Channel hereabouts.

To the west of this flat foreground the view is bounded by the bold headland of Penarth, with the Penarth Docks along the shore and the green hills behind the mouths of the Ely and Taff circling round; then there is just a glimpse of the town at the back of the present docks, with the moors to the east closing in the scene with their works and factories, furnaces and chimneys, that require a good deal of sunshine to make them look cheerful. In the roads the ships are many; in the docks they are in dozens, mostly steamers, and of all sizes, ranging up to the biggest, for the *Algoa*, the present largest cargo-boat afloat, has been coaled at Cardiff.

The Systems of Coaling. The coaling is worth a journey to see. Down each side of each dock the ships lie moored so close that the busy water, black with mud and coal,

is bordered by a forest of masts and funnels, the staiths most prominent as they tower up one behind the other along the quay. A few of the old-fashioned tips are at work as a sort of survival to mark the progress that has been made. In these the railway waggon is run on to a platform that rises by hydraulic power to the level of a capacious shoot where its hinder part rears up until the coal begins to press against the door at the front end, which, swinging outward on its top hinges, suddenly opens and empties the whole ten tons at a time down the iron shoot into the ship's hold or bunker, as the case may be. In a few moments the waggon empties,



THE "LEWIS-HUNTER" COALING CRANES.

resumes the horizontal, descends on the platform to the ground, and is run off to make room for another.

This is the old way, and it has two dis-

advantages: the first, that the tip being stationary, the ship has to be placed to suit it, and can, in most cases, only receive its cargo down one hatchway at a time; the second, that from being discharged from such a height the breakage of the coal—particularly of friable Welsh coal—must be considerable, in fact, it was the loss on the large amount of dust and small thus caused that led to the introduction of the minimum breakage system.

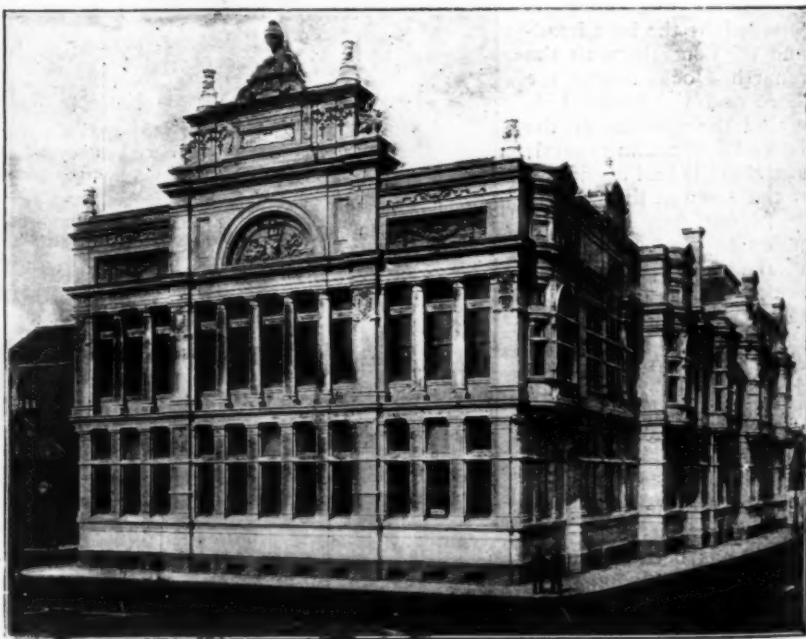
To carry out this method at Cardiff the Lewis-Hunter cranes, the joint invention of the company's general manager and its engineer, have been adopted throughout the newer docks, and are taking the place of the old staiths wherever necessary. These cranes run on railway lines of the usual gauge, and can be so arranged that as many hatches as a vessel may have can be loaded simultaneously, so that she is all the time on an even keel, and can receive at such a rate that 7,500 tons have been put on board one ship in twenty-four hours. The fixed staith can load only, and load coal only; the Lewis-Hunter crane can load anything and unload as well, so that a ship can be discharging cargo up one hatchway while she is taking in cargo down another.

The crane, which is, of course, hydraulic, has a long jib like the familiar "Scotchman," so that it can serve any spot within its radius and plumb any hatchway; and attached to the chain is what is practically a huge coal-scuttle that is let down on the quay to be filled and dropped into the ship to be emptied. It is filled by being laid on a slightly yielding platform in a pit in such a way that its mouth is fed from a short shoot, just long enough to bridge the gap between it and the railway end. The coal waggon runs up, kicks up behind, empties its ten tons with a rumble and a thick cloud of dust into the scuttle, which instantly is whipped aloft to swing in as short a circle as possible down into the vessel, where the conical bottom opens outwards and spreads the coals around as gently as if they had been strewn from the sack. The operation takes less time than we have taken to describe it. As soon as the load is in the air, the empty truck is run away, and a full one takes its place, ready and

waiting for the empty scuttle to come ashore, which it does in a couple of minutes at the outside.

But the next scuttleful is not always of the same coal, for coal cargoes are mixed—blended, perhaps, is the correct term—so many tons of one sort, so many of the other, so that the waggons as they run up are quite interesting from the names of their different collieries, in which the vowels so masquerade as consonants that the combination looks less like a pronounceable word than a signal in a code. The sorting out of these trucks so as to bring them in due order to the crane is an exercise in marshalling that only those who know can do justice to; it is all done at the sidings a little distance away, to which the trains from each colliery come to be kept in stock, as it were, and broken up and arranged for the different roads according to the daily demands from each ship.

Cardiff exports not only coal, but Exports and Imports. over 300,000 tons a year of iron and steel, patent fuel and coke, and over £6,000,000 worth of produce and manufactures. So far as foreign clearances are concerned, it is the first port in the world, not excepting even New York, London, and Liverpool, the tons register that last year left it having exceeded 7,000,000. Its import trade is growing, and everything is naturally being done to encourage it, for it does not pay a shipowner to bring a cargo to one port and have to send his vessel in ballast to get an outward cargo from another. It is the second timber port in the kingdom, its imports in 1896 having amounted to 720,000 loads, and it also comes second in the importation of iron ore. Connected with this is a significant story. Years



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ago the Dowlais ironworks were started at Dowlais, to smelt the local iron ore, but the supply of this became less and less, and they had to depend on foreign supplies on which the cost of carriage so mounted up that at last the company found it profitable to remove their works down to the East Moors, near the docks, where their furnaces are now conspicuous in the landscape.

An enormous provision trade is being done, the chilled produce arriving in such quantities that new storage works have been started at the docks in addition to the large establishment in the town. That the grain business is large is clear from the size of the mills and warehouses. At one mill the grain has to fall to rise, it being poured over the ship's side into shoots and carried through pipes underground to the basement, whence it goes aloft in the elevator. As a contrast to this triumph of mechanical means, there is the landing of potatoes, in which the work is done almost entirely by basket-girls, who sling and carry their heavy loads, in all weathers, in a way that would rather astonish some of our London dockers. And there are more basket-girls and more potatoes in Cardiff every year, as there is more of everything else—even of the mud to dredge, which has now reached an output of 27,000 tons a week.

The docks of the Customs port of Cardiff include not only these Bute Docks, but the Glamorgan Canal Float, and Penarth Dock, and Barry

Docks, which seems to be going rather far afield. Taking them all together, and adding in the South Dock already mentioned and the new 40-acre dock at Barry, we get a dock area of 312 acres, on which not much less than £10,000,000 has been spent, most of it in recent years.

Cardiff is seeking to enlarge its municipal area as well as that of its docks; and if the new scheme passes, the borough will include Penarth, the seaside suburb, and Llandaff, the smallest city, in these islands, which is really a well-to-do village a couple of miles out, with houses and gardens all the way. The cathedral, which gives the place its rank as a city, is of a character quite its own. It is a noble country church on a steep hillside, with its doors wide open in the daytime so that the birds fly in and out, and a robin follows you round and perches on a chair top to look over you while you look over the monuments. We shall not forget that robin; his chirp was the only sound except the rustle of the trees outside.

As an ecclesiastical site Llandaff dates back some 1,800 years, being one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in Britain. The church is said to have been over four centuries old when Augustine met the British bishops at Aust Cliff, on the other side of the Severn. And assuredly Lucius, or whoever founded it, had an eye for the beautiful, for a more picturesque spot amid more charming views it would be difficult to find.

W. J. GORDON.

Over-Sea Notes.

New Orleans. After a freedom from yellow fever for a period of nineteen years, New Orleans had again a dread visitation in the summer and autumn of 1897, and for many weeks, in fact until the frost came, the city was cut off from the rest of the United States, and everything within its confines was at a standstill. The schools were closed. The hotels were devoid of guests, except for those unfortunate visitors who were caught in the city when the fever broke out. The factories were stopped, and commerce with the outside world was at an end. In 1853, in 1867, and again in 1878, there was yellow fever in New Orleans. The 1897 visitation was not nearly so fatal in its consequences as the earlier epidemics, although its effect on the mercantile and industrial life of the old French city was disastrous. House quarantine was the method of dealing with the latest visitation. When a patient became sick, a yellow and white flag was displayed outside the house to denote suspicion. When it was determined by the health officers that the case was really one of yellow fever, the yellow and white flag was replaced by a yellow and red one, and the inmates of the house

were cut off from contact with the world outside. Two city guards were placed on duty. One of them was deputed to see that no one entered or left the house. The duty of the other was to do the marketing for the family, and carry on the other necessary intercourse with the outside world. When a case terminated fatally, the guards gave immediate notice to the Health Board. The interment took place within three hours after death. The funerals were conducted in the simplest possible style, and according to regulations framed by the Health Board. After the funeral, if there were no other cases in the house, the family remained in strict quarantine for five days. The fever broke out in the squalid Italian quarter. Most of the victims were people who were living in dirty surroundings, or who had previously suffered from some organic disease. Many incidents of quiet heroism marked the visitation. One of the stories of heroism concerns the pastors of the churches of the city. It was ascertained by one of the New Orleans newspapers that when the fever was at its worst, every city pastor, with one exception, was at his post. In the case of the single exception the reason for absence was thoroughly satis-

factory, and no fewer than thirteen of the pastors returned to their charges after the outbreak had begun, when there was a cordon about the city to prevent its inhabitants from seeking safety by flight to more northern zones, in which yellow fever is never known.

The number of dangerous accidents on American railways is the subject of an indignant article in the New York "Volkszeitung," in which this newspaper strives to show that a large proportion of collisions and other fatalities might be easily avoided by the exercise of greater care on the part of the higher officials, and by extending to the railway men shorter hours of work. In 1891 the number of killed and wounded (passengers and railway servants) amounted to 40,910, in 1896 it had risen to 45,332. In 1891 the number of railway servants alone who were killed or injured was 28,800, in 1896 it had risen to the appalling number of 32,000 (1,900 killed). The killed and injured railway servants during the six years 1891-1896 amounted to 187,732, out of a total of 256,000.

M. Aivazovsky, the famous Russian marine painter, whose sea-pieces have been exhibited in London and in nearly every other European capital, has just completed his sixty years' activity as an artist, and the Tsar and his fellow-countrymen have showered honours and praises without stint upon him. An interesting anecdote is told of the way in which his talents were first discovered. Nearly seventy years ago the Governor of Odessa, in one of his morning walks, saw a wooden hoarding, which had been recommended to the protection of the police, covered with figures and various designs in chalk. He drew the attention of his subordinates to the matter, and directed them to prevent any further "ornamentation" of the hoarding. But next morning again he noticed on the boards a beautifully executed drawing of a ship in full sail, and, struck with the skill of the artist, he gave orders that he should be watched and brought before him. His astonishment was extreme when a poorly clad child of about ten was dragged into his presence as the delinquent. This was Aivazovsky. Pleased with the boy's manner, and persuaded that his talents only wanted training to attain their perfect development, he sent the lad to a drawing-school in Petersburg, where his success was at once assured. Aivazovsky is of Armenian parentage, his brother being the late Armenian Bishop of Tiflis. He lives in Theodosia, on the southern coast of the Crimea, and his house and its artistic treasures are always open to the public.

Life at the German Court. Between Kaiser and Kaiserin there is the warmest and most intimate sympathy. They are a model husband and wife, and although recent acts of his German Majesty may go to prove that he thoroughly enjoys the pomps and ceremonies of State, the fact remains that he is never so happy as when he is in the middle of his own immediate family circle, with all the tension of his outside life relaxed. At eight o'clock in the morning the Empress and Emperor like tea together in their

private sitting-room. There is usually an omelette or some boiled eggs on the table, as the Kaiser is particularly fond of an egg diet. Luncheon, which is a more stately affair, is at one o'clock, and to this meal usually two or three guests are invited, among them the minister whose duty it is to make his report on that particular day. Dinner is at seven o'clock, the meal at which some twenty or thirty persons sit down with the imperial pair. Twice a week, however, the dinner is private, and after it is over the Empress, who is an excellent performer on the piano, sits down to her music, always choosing something from the classical composers of the fatherland—Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn being preferred to all others. The Kaiser often asks to entertain his family with a song. He has a good baritone voice, but he does not altogether approve of his wife's accompaniments. She plays too fast for him. His favourite accompaniments used to be played by his sailor brother, Prince Henry. When no one is present the Kaiser has been known to bring his cigar (his cigars are of Havanna, and specially packed in glass tubes) to the piano, and sing and smoke to his heart's content, without an apparent thought of the weighty affairs of State which he guides with such extraordinary vigour.

Although Alphonse Daudet was such a brilliant literary colourist and the secret of his strength lay in the vivacity and poetic quality of his imagination he had none of the old-fashioned faith in creative genius evolving from inner consciousness or inspiration artistic masterpieces. Essentially a literary artist with an ardent Southern nature, he schooled himself to look upon art as merely the handmaiden of knowledge and observation. Therefore he made a mind that was richly fanciful, subservient to the method and discipline of severe realism. He early formed the habit of noting down his impressions of things as they appeared to him, just as a diligent painter goes to work with his sketch-book, but using a different vehicle for the preservation of the picture. In the order of pure ideas his method was similar. Reflections, whether suggested by exterior objects or the spontaneous birth of what we term a train of thought, were jotted down without regard to place or circumstances. Thus he filled during the forty years of his literary life an incredible number of little note books. They were to him the warehouses from which he drew the solid materials as he required them for his works of fiction—which were perhaps the least fictitious of any literature of the same class. These note books, which Daudet may or may not have intended to destroy, form a voluminous collection. In the case of most of them a pen had been drawn through each page to show that the contents were used up; but there are others filled with notes still waiting to be drawn upon. There is some talk of publishing extracts from these; but the idea does not seem a very happy one. Jottings of this character can never be anything more than a curiosity of literature. If it were possible to consult Daudet as to the expediency of making a posthumous use of his, there can be hardly a doubt as to what his answer would be.

Varieties.

Poor Man's
Hotels.

In the January number of the "Leisure Hour" it was inadvertently stated in these notes that London had no good building which meets the needs of unmarried men as a poor man's hotel, and that in this matter it now had the example of New York. It is, however, New York which has followed the London example, the hotel described being in its arrangements an exact copy of Rowton House at Vauxhall. This house, which preceded the somewhat similar establishment erected by the County Council in Parker Street, Drury Lane, was opened in 1893, and has accommodation for 475 men, who for sixpence each a day have the use of excellent dining, reading, and smoking rooms, and a small sleeping cabin or cubicle, and can also have their own food cooked for them, or procure it from the cookshop on the premises. The Vauxhall house was such a success—it now has so many regular customers that it is difficult for an outsider to get a bed—that in 1895 another Rowton House was opened in King's Cross Road, which accommodates 677 lodgers. This also was a pronounced success, and in December last a third Rowton House, that at Newington, overlooking the disused churchyard of St. Mary's, was opened, while a site for another has been purchased in Hammersmith Broadway; another is building in Whitechapel, and a sixth is coming in Hackney. The Newington house is a very handsome one. It has a frontage of 214 feet, and is six storeys high, containing 805 cubicles, each with a window of its own. Its internal arrangements are much the same as those of the other houses, but a little more ornate. The dining-room, with its oak floor, handsome tiled dado, and thoroughly good engravings, similar to those which are such an attraction at the Vauxhall house, has a floor space of 5,300 feet, and can seat 440 at a time at its teak tables. The smoking and reading rooms are also large and well furnished. Each cubicle is two yards wide and two and a half yards long, the spring bed being fitted with a hair mattress, two sheets, blankets and counterpane. As at the other houses, there are no conveniences for washing in the bedrooms, all personal ablution taking place in a spacious lavatory, in which there are eighty basins with hot and cold water laid on; and besides these there are a number of bath-rooms. The company has a capital of a quarter of a million, the chairman and largest shareholder being Lord Rowton, and it has always paid its five per cent. The houses are worth a visit as being among the sights of London. People who are familiar with our sailors' homes will recognise that they are practically an extension of the same principle.

Ealing Chimes
Extraordinary.

The church bells of Ealing have rung on many an occasion in times of old, but their sound on one day this winter startled and surprised all who heard them. Those not in the secret consulted their "Whitaker's Almanack"

and other diaries to see what royal personage or notable person of past history was thus commemorated. The truth was that the merry peals were rung in honour of an old lady in her ninety-second year, much honoured and loved in the neighbourhood, Miss Perceval, the sister of Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister who was assassinated in the House of Commons. The assassin was seized by Mr. Jerdan, then a reporter for the press, and afterwards for many years editor of the "Literary Gazette." Mr. Perceval lived at Ealing with his sister, who still survives, with all her faculties, and much abounding in all charities and good deeds. It is stated as a fact that the death of Perceval was known in Devonshire at the moment it happened. The story is told in Mr. Jerdan's "Autobiography," and is commended to the notice of the Society which deals with these strange psychical phenomena. A remarkable instance of longevity is that of Miss Perceval, and more remarkable is it that her next-door neighbour at Ealing is a veteran of ninety-three, once well known in English life and history, the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole.

The Argument
from Experi-
ence.

The one thing which no candid unbeliever can refuse to acknowledge is the force of Christianity. Try to conceive what its withdrawal from the world would mean. Every life which it has elevated, ennobled, beautified, left without its vital power; every society which owes its influence, its ruling aim, its very existence, to the Christ, swept away; every motive which incites men to a higher life and nobler deeds, that has its birth at the Cross and borrows all its constraining power from the Crucified, stifled and indeed extinguished; every agency for improving the world, of which the Gospel is the parent, suppressed; every restraint upon passion and selfishness, which has been created by it, swept away! It requires a considerable—indeed, almost an exhaustive—exercise of imagination to picture it. But who would hesitate to describe it as one of the saddest calamities that could overtake humanity? The ruthless scattering of all philosophy as a mere visionary speculation, the overthrow of the great work of civilisation everywhere, the loss of culture and all the refinement it has brought in its train, would be terrible calamities, and yet they are not to be compared with the catastrophe involved in the overturning of the Gospel, and the extinction of the influences which it has set in action. Humanity would lose its mightiest force; poverty would be robbed of its tenderest, truest, and most active friend. The weak and suffering would lose their strongest advocate; the bereaved would be left to weep their bitter tears alone. The tyrant would gloat in his sense of power and work his wicked will; vice would revel in its new opportunities and unrestrained licence; the world would return to that state of hard and cruel pagan selfishness of which we have an example in the first

days of the Cæsars. All this is no fancy picture. It simply means a world forced back to the state in which it was before it had seen the Christ or heard the Gospel.—*Dr. J. Guinness Rogers.*—From "*The Gospel in the Epistles.*" (*The last volume of that excellent series, "The Preachers of the Age," published by Sampson Low & Co.*)

Beside the Cradle. "Mr. Tennyson has a little son, and wrote me such three happy notes on the occasion, that I really never liked him so well before. I do like men who are not ashamed to be happy beside a cradle. Monckton Milnes had a brilliant christening luncheon, and his baby was made to swap in India muslin and Brussels lace among a very large circle of admiring guests. Think of my vanity turning my head completely and admitting of my taking Wiedeman there (because of an express invitation). He behaved like an angel, everybody said, and looked very pretty, I said myself; only he disgraced us all at last by refusing to kiss the baby, on the ground of his being 'troppo grande.' He has learnt quantities of English words, and is in consequence more unintelligible than ever. Poor darling! I am in pain about him *to-day*. Wilson goes to spend a fortnight with her mother, and I don't know how I shall be comforter enough. There will be great wailing and gnashing of teeth certainly, and I shall be in prison for the next two weeks, and have to do all the washing and dressing myself. . . ."—"*Mrs. Browning's Letters*" (*Smith & Elder*).

Silver in the Sea. A paper by Mr. Field was once read before the Royal Society, on the motion of Mr. Faraday, on this subject. Mr. Field said it was probable that the copper and yellow metal used in sheathing the hulls of vessels must after long exposure to sea water contain more silver than they did before they were exposed to its action, by decomposing chloride of silver in their passage through the sea, and depositing the metal on their surfaces. A large vessel being under repair, which had been cruising for seven years in the Pacific Ocean, the author procured a few ounces of her

copper sheathing, which was so decomposed and brittle that it could easily be broken between the fingers. Five thousand grains were dissolved in pure nitric acid, and the solution was diluted. A few drops of hydrochloric acid were then added, and the precipitate was allowed to subside for three days. A large quantity of white insoluble matter had collected by that time at the bottom of the vessel. This was filtered off, dried, and fused with 100 grains of pure litharge and suitable proportions of bitartrate of potash, or carbonate of soda, the ashes of the filter being also added. The result was 2·01 grains of silver, or 1 lb. 1 oz. 2 dwts. 15 grs. troy per ton.

ERRATUM.—In the reference to the Cape of Good Hope for "three hundredth" read "four hundredth."

Astronomical Notes for February. The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 7h. 41m. in the morning, and sets at 4h. 47m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 24m. and sets at 5h. 5m.; and on the 21st he rises at 7h. 4m., and sets at 5h. 23m. The Moon becomes full at 6h. 24m. on the evening of the 6th; enters her Last Quarter at 35 minutes past midnight on the 13th; becomes New at 7h. 41m. on the evening of the 20th; and enters her First Quarter at 11h. 13m. on the morning of the 28th. She will be in apogee or farthest from the earth about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 1st, and in perigee, or nearest us, about 7 o'clock on that of the 17th. No eclipses or special phenomena are due this month. The planet Mercury will continue to be visible before sunrise during the early part of the month, situated in the constellation Sagittarius. Venus will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the 15th, and is therefore not visible. Mars moves this month from Sagittarius into Capricornus, and rises somewhat earlier in the morning, but is still low in the heavens and inconspicuous. Jupiter rises now about 10 o'clock in the evening and earlier as the month advances; he is a brilliant object in the western part of the constellation Virgo. Saturn does not rise until much later, being situated in the constellation Scorpio; he will be in conjunction with the waning Moon on the morning of the 15th.—W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club.

I. GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

I.

The faith that from the desert came at point of spear,
The faith that shows no mercy, knows no fear,
The faith whose battlecry is God alone,
The faith whose pilgrims kiss an uncarved stone.

II.

Where Time's effacing finger mocks
The ruined temples of a bygone day,
O'er the white gleam of marble rocks,
This sacred stream throws whiter spray.

III.

Here brotherhood in arms is seen,
Gordon and Sikh, true to one Queen,
(Famed this among a hundred fights)
They rush, they storm, they take thy heights.

IV.

From the world's roof to the Arabian sea
This great flood rolls itself continuously;
Here conquering Alexander's banners were turned back,
But further still flies on Victoria's Union Jack

V.

In this land of mountains tipped with snows,
Warlike tribes roam to and fro;
Sometimes our friends, sometimes our foes,
We bless, or fight them, as things go.

WHOLE.

Rulers and peoples many, of varying creed and tongue,
From peaks that reach nearest heaven from plains
that are scorched by the sun,
The peoples make but one empire, the rulers serve but one,
All bow the head or draw the sword,
Obedient to a woman's word.

A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded for the best brief answer in rhyme to the above acrostic.

II. SOME PORTRAITS OF THE GREAT.

(BY WELL-KNOWN HANDS.)

A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded to any member of the Club who can name all the sources and subjects of these quotations.

1. "Had'st thou but lived, though stript of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud and danger were at hand;
By thee, as by the beacon light,
Our pilots had kept course aright."
2. "A lady with a lamp shall stand,
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."
3. "Or call him, if you will, an American back-woodsman, who had to fell impenetrable forests, and battle with innumerable wolves, and did not forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even theft; whom, notwithstanding, the peaceful sower will follow, and as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless."
4. "He is with Milton for learning, with Keats for magic and vision, with Virgil for graceful recasting of ancient golden lines, and, even in the latest volume of his long life, 'we may tell from the straw,' as Homer says, 'what the grain has been.'"
5. "By-and-by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated . . . She was a little woman, of genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred. To see . . ., the champion of the English Tories, salute . . . was a striking sight; for though somewhat congenial in their notions, it was highly improbable they should meet here."
6. "Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure; but through all his tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot."
7. "His talk was commonplace, just as sunshine is, which gilds the most indifferent objects, and adds brilliancy to the brightest."

III. SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

FOURTH OF FIVE.

1. "Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing . . . but crosses, care, and grief."
2. "It is a tale told by an . . . full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing."
3. "This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a . . . a killing frost."
4. "So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years
Passed over to the . . . they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave."

WHOLE.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little . . .
Is rounded by a sleep."

Find Act and Scene of each quotation, and the initials of words omitted. Send in by the 20th of this month, or with next month's, which will complete the series. After the next, a prize of TWO GUINEAS will be awarded to the solver of the whole series of five (begun in November). Should more than one competitor succeed, a sixth acrostic will be given to work off the tie.

WATER-COLOUR COMPETITION.

A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be given for the best illustration of a line of poetry about Spring. Drawings will be returned if two penny stamps are enclosed.

ANSWERS FOR DECEMBER.

I. SCOTT ACROSTIC.

WAVERLEY. The names required were Willie, Athelstane, Varney, Edgar, Rashleigh, Lovel, Edith, Yungfrau.

The quotations were from "Redgauntlet," ch. 10. "Ivanhoe," ch. 21. "Kenilworth," ch. 17. "Bride of Lammermuir," ch. 18. "Rob Roy," ch. 5. "Antiquary," ch. 8. "Old Mortality," ch. 10. "Guy Mannering," ch. 3.

The best descriptive verse comes from J. MACPHERSON, 40 Gillespie Crescent, Edinburgh, to whom the prize of HALF-A-GUINEA is awarded.

II. POETIC DESCRIPTIONS OF FEBRUARY.

(PRIZE SELECTIONS.)

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old waggon, for he could not ride,
Drawn of two fishes, for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slide

And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harness for to till the ground
And tools to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting prime did make them burgeon round.

SPENSER.

II.

The wintry hedge was black;
The green grass was not seen.
The birds did rest
On the bare thorn's breast,
Whose roots beside the pathway track,
Had bound their folds o'er many a crack
Which the frost had made between.

SHELLEY.

III.

O tender time that love thinks long to see,
Sweet foot of Spring that with her footfall sows
Late snowlike flowery leavings of the snows,
Be not too long irresolute to be;
O mother-month; where have they hidden thee?
Out of the pale time of the flowerless rose
I reach my heart out toward the springtime lands.

SWINBURNE.

These come from M. S. BENBOW, 8 Hamilton Terrace, Holly Walk, Leamington Spa, to whom the prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is awarded.

TEA-TABLE TOPICS.—A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is awarded to M. A. G. for her paragraph this month.

SOLUTIONS TO CHESS PROBLEM IN JANUARY NO.—White: P to K 4. Black: any move. White mates accordingly.

RULES.—I. *Write very clearly, on one side; fasten all sheets together, and sign clearly with name and address. Write FIRESIDE CLUB outside all letters.*

II. *Editor's decisions are final, and correspondence impossible.*

All answers must be received by the 20th of this month, except No. III., which may be sent at close of series, next month.

TEA-TABLE TOPICS.

All readers are invited to contribute short paragraphs under this heading. These must be original, signed with pen-name or initials. Only the best will be printed, and a prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded to the best each month.

The Uninterestingness of Good Characters.
Why do modern writers of fiction so seldom try to describe a truly good and noble character? We no sooner plunge into a novel than we get into bad company, not merely as a foil to the good, but carried through in every variety of wickedness.

Whatsoever things are unlovely, vile, of ill-report—we are invited to think on these things. "Ah," you say, "it is human nature, and so cleverly drawn." So are Hogarth's pictures, but you would not care to cover your walls with them. If good people cannot

be made interesting, so much the worse for writers and readers. But it need not be so. We ask for grander heroes, and nicer men and women of all sorts.—M. A. G.

The Reason Why.
There is no doubt that perfectly, or all but perfectly, good people in fiction are uninteresting. May the reason not

be that we who read about them are so imperfect that we cannot feel akin? There is nothing to call out our sympathy. Are not those whom we see struggling as we do, with our varying success, our aims, our compromises, now and then triumphing in a way that encourages us to persevere, the most interesting? No one exists, or can be well-drawn, who is all white, any more than all black.—TRUTH.

Silly Songs.
Why are drawing-room songs commonly so silly? The cause is not far to seek. The first requisite in a singable song is that it should abound in open vowel sounds, and it is easier for the average composer to find verses with good sound than to take the further trouble of finding those that add a singable amount of sense to their sound.

Music can carry an emotion, yes; a precise statement, no. It is the unbodied soul of sentiment, and the finer the air the further will it idealise the words. But remember that the air has not the strength of a beast of burden; it is like a carrier pigeon, able only to carry the lightest of messages. The bird can't fly, the song won't sing, if over-burdened.—CANTATRICE.

The Advertising Art.
One of the latest devices in book advertising is to send to an address, taken from a newspaper birth list, a post-card giving the name and one or two critical puffs of a novel which has fallen flat. These particulars are printed, and then the artful author scribbles across the corner, "Get Edwin" (or whatever the father's name may be) "to order this to read to you, it's capital." Kate, or Daisy, or Mary, or some other probable female friend's name is added by way of signature, and the card addressed to the young mother, who is more likely to be amused than taken in, one may suppose.—QUIZ.

Price of Tea 140 Years Ago.
In reference to the paragraph on this subject in our last number (page 203), Sir Brampton Gurdon sends us the following extract from a letter written in 1739 from Mrs. Dillingham to her daughter, Mrs. Gurdon of Letter, Norfolk: "Tea is very dear, and it is said it will be dearer. I have given 20s. a pound to Mr. Blackall for all ye Tea I have bought since I came to town, and I don't find that I can have any (that is so good) cheaper. I went last Saturday to buy Tea to carry to Hampton. He told me that ye same Tea I had for 20 he now sold for 24, and that to those of ye same Trade he had sold it for a Guinea, so I have bought for my Self some of his best, which I gave a Guinea for, and some of Sixteen shillings which you would not like. I paid a Guinea for a pound of Tea for you, which I sent to Mr. Herrings for to be convey'd to you; I don't think it better than what we bought for 18 when you left London. Mr. Blackall has Tea of different prices, as 20 and 18 and lower, but those I bought I liked best."

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